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The late Sir Henry Wood conducting a Promenade Concert at the Royal Albert Hall in 1941 after the Queen's Hall in London, where the concerts were previously given, had been destroyed by bombs in May of that year. The Diamond Jubilee Season of the Promenade Concerts opens at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday

In this number:

Can Russia Change? (Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker)
Unsettled Guatemala (John Clarke)
The Post-war Novel and Reality (Anthony Quinton)

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The Listener

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Can Russia Change?

By the Rt. Hon. P. C. GORDON WALKER, M.P.

I WANT to discuss, as a British socialist, the problem of peaceful coexistence between Russia and the west*. This is something we socialists often talk about amongst ourselves. I have, especially in recent weeks, taken part in many conversations on this subject with my parliamentary colleagues in the dining-rooms and sitting-rooms of the House of Commons. It may interest you to hear something about these private discussions. In some ways they are more important than the public speeches that are made; for public speeches must always take some account of possible reactions in one's own and other countries.

In all these discussions we take very seriously the problem of the possibility of peaceful coexistence. Unless there is such a possibility the only prospect of peace is the extraordinarily precarious one that no one will dare to take the risk of first using the hydrogen bomb. I once described this in the House of Commons as 'peace through balanced terror'. No one would ever know whether someone somewhere would not decide to take the risk of launching the world upon atomic war, hoping to strike one first blow so heavy and so sudden that his enemy is laid prostrate.

Apart from the danger that peace by balanced terror might at any moment topple over into ghastly war, the mere continuance of the threat of atomic war must twist and distort people's natures. Never before has the whole of civilised humanity walked in the constant fear of a war of annihilation. Whether one lives in Moscow or Warsaw, Berlin or Paris, London or New York, or within hundreds of miles of any major city, oilfield, port, or industrial installation—this fear of annihilation is becoming part of the daily lives of all of us. It must in all sorts of ways make us less stable, sensible, and rational people than we might otherwise be: and it must through us affect our children and the next generation.

So we can, I think, all agree that we cannot mean by peaceful coexistence merely that we hope the atom bombs that are piling up in Britain, the United States, Canada, and Russia will not be let off. We cannot mean that we are content with the sort of peace that is enjoyed between eruptions by those who live in the shadow of a volcano. What we must mean—and what certainly all democratic socialists mean—by peaceful coexistence is a real living together of the nations without fear of one another.

Although it would be hard to entertain any hopes for the future of humanity unless one believed in the possibility of real, peaceful coexistence, that is not the reason why British socialists believe in it. That would be mere idealism, mere wishful thinking. Just because some prospect is intolerable to a decent human being, that does not mean that the prospect may not come about. No, we base our belief in the possibility of peaceful coexistence on firmer ground. This means that we have ideas about the future behaviour of other countries, especially Russia and America, because no one country can make the world peaceful all by itself.

With regard to America, British socialists are frankly disturbed by the public statements of certain prominent Americans which seem to indicate that they believe that a third world war is inevitable. But we know that America is a democracy. We do not believe that any democracy can launch, or ever has launched, an aggressive war. Ordinary people fear and detest war, and though some of them may sometimes listen to leaders who talk foolishly they will never freely and of their own choice bring war upon themselves. This is, we believe, as true of the Russian people as of the American or British people. We are convinced that if the ordinary people of Russia and the satellite countries could determine the policy of their own countries there would be no danger of Russia starting a war, either.

Both the world wars were started by an undemocratic Germany—on both occasions the democracies were reluctant to the last moment to enter upon war. Indeed, in its desire to exhaust every

* This talk was broadcast in the East European Service of the B.B.C.

possibility of peaceful settlement a democracy may be tempted to parley with an aggressor as we did at Munich. On the other hand a democracy, once it realises that there is no alternative but war to check continuing aggression, will fight to the death to preserve its own liberty and the liberty of other peoples. The same Britain that tried desperately to avoid war with Hitler was the only country in the world that both fought Hitler without waiting itself to be attacked and remained in the war from the first day to the last.

Democracies cannot launch aggressive war because they are answerable to the will of their people, ordinary men and women who detest war. It is for this reason that the dictatorships and not the democracies set the mood and temper of the whole world. They are not themselves answerable and reponsive to their own public opinion. But by their actions they can shape and form the public opinion of the democracies to which their governments are answerable and responsive. If the dictatorships do things that convince the people of the democracies that there is danger of aggression, these people will support and indeed demand the defensive measures taken by their governments. A recent proof of this is the fact, that is now so often forgotten, that immediately after the war, when Mr. Byrnes was the American Foreign Minister, America was eager to take Russia at its word and tried hard to come to a direct agreement with her. Indeed, in those days it was the British people who learned quickest from actual experience of Russian deeds in Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and other satellite countries, that Russia was determined to build a great and expanding empire.

Words must be Accompanied by Deeds

From these considerations I and other British socialists draw the conclusion that the only hope of peaceful coexistence depends upon a change of heart and policy on the part of Russia. This is not the result of hate or propaganda but of a sober examination of the state of the world and a realistic appreciation of the nature of dictatorships and democracies. If, therefore, we believe, as we do, in the possibility of peaceful coexistence, this means that we believe in the possibility of a change of attitude by Russia. We have no illusions. We will not be deceived by words unaccompanied by deeds. We are a tough people who have for centuries learned to look at things as they are. We know perfectly well that Stalin and other Russian leaders have openly declared that peaceful coexistence is nothing but a tactical truce or pause in the inevitable struggle between the communist and the non-communist world. We know that it is part of the communist doctrine that this struggle is foreordained by history and will never end until the world-triumph of communism. We know that this doctrine is one of the moving forces behind the actual foreign policy of Russia.

But we are perhaps better marxists than the rulers of Russia, who have turned marxism into a set of rigid doctrines instead of a means of understanding the underlying forces of history. They have forgotten that the very essence of marxism is that it is not doctrinal ideas that determine history but actual social forces. Once you believe in some conclusion you have drawn by marxist analysis as if this conclusion were absolutely and in all conditions true, you have ceased to be a marxist.

Since the Russian revolution a new class has arisen in Russia—managers, scientists, engineers, military officers. In many ways, to our socialist thinking, this new class is too rich and too privileged. There is too wide a gap between its income and the income of the lower-paid workers and peasants, certainly a wider gap than exists in Britain today between the richest and the poorest. We do not think it right that secondary education should have to be paid for, thus making it in effect the privilege of the children of those who can afford it. We believe that free secondary education for all, which we now have in Britain, is necessary to a socialist democracy. It is a human right that all should have.

But, whether or not this new class is over-privileged, it exists. And it is now in its second generation, which is the really important thing about it. For that means it is beginning to think of itself as an established class, to be more confident of itself, to make plans for its children to succeed to its own privileged position. As all marxists should know, a class that becomes conscious and confident of itself in this way is a social force that affects and alters society. It would be extraordinary if this class did not gradually begin to demand a greater measure of personal liberty and security for its members. And its demands cannot go altogether ignored, because the society of which it forms part is dependent upon it and cannot dispense with it.

It is not to be expected that this new privileged class will demand rights and liberties for the whole people. It is, after all, a privileged class and will want to retain and improve its privileged position. But classes in a society are interconnected and the new class will not be able to avoid, as part of its own attempt to improve and secure its position, reinforcing the demand of the broad mass of workers and peasants for more consumer goods—for a better material life, for an instalment of the paradise that has so long been just round the corner. Nor will it be able to avoid demanding a general lessening of the police power of the state.

If these social forces gradually make themselves felt in the Soviet Union, they will make it impossible for the rulers of Russia to maintain a full war economy permanently in peace-time. They will thus affect foreign policy. These same social forces will also affect the whole Soviet Empire and have repercussions in the satellite countries, for it costs Russia an immense military effort to hold them down. There are a few tentative signs that these forces are already at work. But, as I said, we have no illusions. The rulers of Russia have great powers of despotic rule at their disposal. It may take a long time for the new forces to have any real effect. But they should increasingly become an element in society that can by its support give influence and maybe power to an ambitious leader who puts himself at their head and voices the policy they want.

We are prepared to wait a long time for the change in Russia that can alone make possible a settlement of the present tensions that plague the world. We are ready to wait as long as necessary. In the meantime, we shall do our part in maintaining the strength of the west. If we are wrong in our analysis, we shall just have to keep on. We prefer even the horrible state of fear and tension to the loss of our liberty, and our right to develop our own country in our own way. We shall never surrender to aggression or the threat of aggression. We shall never rest until a settlement is made which includes not only our own personal and national liberty, but the freedom of all countries including the satellite countries.

It is because we see the possibility—however far ahead it may be—of such a real and thorough but peaceful settlement between Russia and the democracies, that we, as socialists, can resolutely bear the burdens that all who believe in democracy must take upon themselves today.

The B.B.C. Quarterly

THE SUMMER NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. Nine, No. Two) has now been published. Sir George Barnes, Director of Television Broadcasting, B.B.C., gives his 'Reflections on Television' since he took up his post in October 1950; Jack Gould of *The New York Times* writes on 'The Survival of Sound Broadcasting in the United States', Terence Prittie of *The Manchester Guardian* on 'The Progress of Broadcasting in Western Germany', and Antony Hopkins, the composer, on 'Incidental Music on the Wireless'. In an article entitled 'We'll Hear a Play', J. C. Trewin discusses the advantages and limitations of plays in sound broadcasting; Clement Semmler writes on 'Radio and James Joyce'; and Douglas Ritchie, Head of Publicity, B.B.C., considers 'Public Opinion and the B.B.C.'. There are three technical articles: 'The Acoustical Design of a New Sound Broadcasting Studio for General Purposes' by H. R. Humphreys, 'Newly Developed Amplifiers for the Sound Programme Chain' by S. D. Berry, and 'The Impedance Specification of a Television Transmitting Aerial' by H. Page. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (price 2s. 6d.) is obtainable from the B.B.C. Publications Department, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or from the usual newsagents.

Unsettled Guatemala

By JOHN CLARKE

HAS the Guatemalan trouble been finally settled? Frankly, I doubt it. The basic problems at stake are not political but economic. Native Indians form more than half the country's 3,000,000 population and as long as their standard of living remains miserably low Guatemala will continue to provide a fertile breeding ground for communist propaganda and political disruption.

It would be easier to understand the situation if the country were over-populated or under-productive, but actually it is the other way round. Guatemala is a rich country with large under-populated areas. Many parts of the country enjoy a favourable climate and a fertile soil, which together provide ideal conditions for agricultural development. Of equal importance are the potential mineral resources of the country, which include gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, chromium, and bismuth, and it is not unlikely that Guatemala may possess rich oil reserves.

Why, then, this paradox of a poverty-stricken people surrounded by plenty, a paradox all the more startling when one realises that more than 1,000 years ago this territory supported a large and flourishing population? To explain this, I must turn back the pages of history for four centuries to the day when Pedro de Alverado, Lieutenant of Cortes, the conquerer of Mexico, defeated the original Mayan Indian inhabitants, and established the Captain Generalship of Guatemala under the Spanish crown.

At the time of the Spanish invasion, the Mayans had a highly developed civilisation, though already on the decline: a civilisation remarkable for its artistic and scientific achievements, including a calendar more exact than that of contemporary Europe.

But with the conquest, the Indians as a people were decimated. Their chiefs were either killed in battle or subsequently executed. Only the common people were left as slaves and chattels on the great estates of the conquerors. Oppressed and incredibly poor, they were subject to laws of Draconian severity—it was a crime for an Indian to own a horse, with a punishment of 100 lashes. After Guatemala had won its independence from Spain in 1821, slavery was officially abolished. But the Indians' status was little changed in anything but name.

What is their position in Guatemala today? Recent governments have tried, and to a limited extent succeeded, in improving the social and economic conditions of the poorer classes, particularly in the field of health and education; nevertheless, the Indian element still remains very backward, mostly illiterate and miserably poor. Usually, the Indian villager lives in a small, palm-thatched mud hut, surrounded by a plot of land only adequate to grow enough corn for his *tortillas*—his home-made bread—and to support a few domestic animals. He usually works on the large banana estates or on the coffee farms. The womenfolk concentrate on home spinning and weaving, and on the making of textiles which are world famous both for their colour and design.

The small, thatched huts of the Indians in a Guatemalan village

Indians burning incense to the gods of their ancestors on the steps of the Christian church of Santo Tomas in Chichicastenango

The Indian is extremely religious and very superstitious. His religion is a mixture of the pagan beliefs of his ancestors coupled with the Christian Creed taught by the Spanish priests; as an example of this curious mixture of beliefs, I have seen villagers praying and burning incense outside a church to the gods of their ancestors and then enter the same church to pray and burn candles to their Christian God. Continuous oppression has made the Indian subdued, silent, and taciturn. This is particularly noticeable if you attend a village market. There, apart from the noise of fire crackers let off in some religious procession, it is quiet, and free from the raucous din and shouts of vendors usually to be heard in such places.

The Indian has little appreciation of the value of time and labour, and a most common sight on the roads of the country is the continuous procession of villagers carrying heavy loads of pottery, hand-made furniture or agricultural produce to markets which may be two or three days' walking distance away. One of the strangest sights I have ever seen in this connection was a peasant heavily loaded and driving a small drove of pigs. Each pig was fitted with handsome bootees, presumably to protect its feet on the long journey to market.

The following story shows how difficult it would be to change these habits. I heard of a villager who used to collect vegetables from a private house. On being told that there were none, he asked permission to fill his sack with large stones so that he would not feel strange travelling without a load on his back! Indeed, so much of the local traffic is caused by human transport that the villagers' backs are permanently bowed.

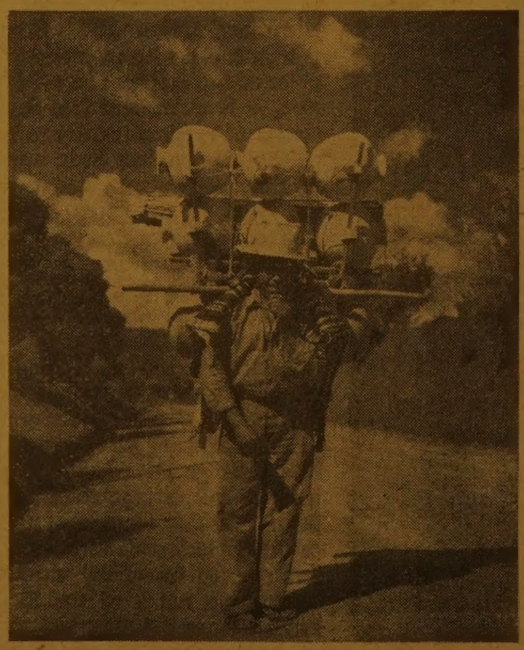
I have said a good deal about the place of the Indian in the life of Guatemala because I believe that, although today he may be illiterate, rather childish, and idle, some day he will represent the most important element in the political, economic, and social life of the country. Of one thing I am fully convinced and that is that at present he is certainly not a communist.

In modern Guatemala, as in Central America generally, a middle class is only just arising. There are a few very rich people and the remainder are very poor; even as late as four years ago, two per cent. of the population owned seventy-eight per cent. of the land. There are a few industries, such as textiles, vegetable oils, and leather goods, but the country's economy is mainly agricultural. Land reform is, therefore, likely to take priority in the policy of any Guatemalan government. But it is bound to affect not only the nationals of Guatemala who own large estates, but foreign interests as well, particularly the United Fruit Company of Boston, which is the largest single landowner in the country. The recent government of President Arbenz decided to tackle the problem by expropriating all uncultivated land in excess of 225 acres, while paying some sort of compensation to the owners. This step was naturally criticised by the people affected, but I think it could hardly be called 'communist legislation', certainly not in the sense in which we understand the term. A more valid criticism I heard concerned the speed of the legislation and the impractical way in which it was sometimes applied. For instance, the new cultivators lacked tools and seeds, and had no proper marketing facilities.

The dominating position of the United Fruit Company complicates the whole problem still further. Apart from its huge landholdings and its banana interests, the company controls the main railways of the country which move its entire export and import traffic. It owns the largest port, Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean. It also has a joint interest in the Pacific port of San Jose, and controls a considerable part of Caribbean shipping. It is understandable that out of national pride, Guatemalans should view this situation with distrust and distaste. But, where they charge the company with deliberately strangling Guatemala's economic development, or under-paying its employees, their view is, I think, distorted. In recent years, the country has, to a certain extent, benefited from the company's activities, and certainly today it is a model employer, paying by far the highest wages in Guatemala and providing excellent social services for its employees.

The only real communist infiltration I observed was in the trade unions. Their activities certainly make any friendly understanding between the United Fruit Company and the Government very difficult. For example, the Railway Union refused to allow the management to introduce diesel instead of steam locomotives, although it would have reduced operating costs. The union maintained that many railwaymen would lose their jobs, though the company had promised to keep them on. At the same time, the Government planned at all costs to build a road parallel to the railway and to construct a new port adjacent to Puerto Barrios. This would certainly severely damage, if not wreck, the United Fruit Company's interests. It would be, however, at the ultimate expense of the national economy since, as far as I can judge, there are other much more urgent transport needs than a duplication of the existing railway services.

The net result of all this has been growing antagonism between the Government and the Fruit Company and, more important still, the United States. But I do not think it justified accusing Guatemala of being 'a beach head for international communism in America', still less of 'endangering American security' or 'threatening the Panama Canal Zone'.



Carrying pottery to market at Quezaltenango

To the south of Guatemala lie the other Central American countries. Next door are El Salvador and Honduras, and farther south Nicaragua and Costa Rica. In the colonial era, these countries formed part of the Spanish Empire under the Captain Generalship of Guatemala. Their history during this period was very similar, so that today they share a common culture and a common language: there is, however, at least one important difference—only Guatemala has so large an Indian element in its population.

Immediately after liberation from Spain, all the provinces—as they were then—united to form a Central American Federation, but there was so much dissension both within each province and within the federation that it survived for only about fifteen years. Each member then became an independent republic. The economics of these countries are very similar, that is to say, agricultural, and their social problems are also much the same. Since liberation there has been a perpetual struggle between the Liberal Parties opposed to the Church, and the Conservatives—mainly supported by the wealthier landowners and business men.

An engine of the United Fruit Company on a Guatemalan plantation

El Salvador and Costa Rica have recently progressed towards democratic governments. The former, under its capable Minister of Economy, Dr. Sol, recently instituted income-tax for the first time, a step which the more conservative minority considered 'extreme leftism' if not communism. Honduras—where the United Fruit Company has also large interests—has a Conservative Government, verging on a dictatorship. Nicaragua has a classic type of paternal dictatorship under the efficient Colonel Somoza, who owns and operates a majority of the industrial interests of the country. The only common bond between these Central American governments has been their dislike of the extreme left-wing political trend of the Arbenz regime in Guatemala.

To the north lies Mexico, and to the north-east British Honduras. Not so long ago Mexico, herself, was nationalising foreign interests, and so she could naturally be expected to understand and sympathise with the problems of the Guatemala Government. But the fact that Mexico has only just entered a period of political stability was bound to make the attitude of her government very cautious. Finally, we have British Honduras. Guatemala maintains a claim to legal sovereignty over this colony, and this has strained her relations with Britain.

So the Arbenz regime in Guatemala could expect little sympathy from her neighbours for any policy favourable to communism. On the other hand, Central America generally sympathised with the Government in its quarrel with the United Fruit Company.

Guatemala has great potentialities, and their development would benefit not only herself but many other countries. But her social and political problems are both complex and serious. Any attempt to exert political pressure on her from outside would make the situation worse. What Guatemala needs is technical assistance to help her develop her own natural resources, and this would appear to be a task best suited to the United Nations. Much also would be gained if the Central American Republics could unite in some form of federal union, and it is welcome news that steps have recently been taken in this direction.

—Home Service

Towards a Convertible Currency?

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

I DO not suppose many people have even noticed a rather startling transaction between Britain and Germany which has just been completed. It is payment by Britain of $35,000,000 in gold in part settlement of a post-war debt to Germany. This big gold payment which Britain has just made to Germany is part of a much larger arrangement involving over a dozen countries in a series of bargains with one another as part of the reorganisation of a body called the European Payments Union. This body, known as E.P.U., has been working for the past four years as a sort of co-operative bank of western Europe. It has been extraordinarily successful. When E.P.U. started, the movement of many goods across the frontiers of Europe was bogged down by bilateral arrangements. All countries were scared stiff of one thing—that they might in the course of this period buy more from another country than they sold to it, and then be forced to settle the difference in gold.

Removal of a Nightmare

It was E.P.U. that removed this nightmare from western Europe. Incidentally, the trade of Commonwealth countries and others inside the sterling area had never been hampered by these bilateral difficulties; that is because they do not demand gold from one another but settle their debts in sterling, which is their common currency. What E.P.U. did was to give western Europe some of the same benefits of multilateral settlement. Instead of a separate account for each pair of countries, a central office for western Europe was set up in Basle, where all the pluses and minuses in the transactions of all countries were brought together and set off against one another. The new principle was that you could use any surplus you earned within the group, in whatever currency, to pay off a deficit in any other currency.

But suppose your surpluses and deficits did not entirely cancel each other out? The E.P.U., as well as being a clearing-house, is a bank. It started off with a large reserve of funds in European currencies, subscribed by its members, and in dollars, provided by the Americans. When a country ran into debt with all the other members taken together, it was able to borrow. But it could not, at any rate as soon as the debt began to grow large, borrow the whole lot: it had to pay part of the debt in gold to E.P.U., as a condition for borrowing the other part. Moreover, that arrangement worked only up to a limited sum fixed by agreement, which is called 'the quota': if a nation ran into debt beyond this point, E.P.U. stopped lending. The same principle applied in reverse to the creditor countries. They agreed to lend money to E.P.U. up to the limit of the quotas fixed for each of them individually; but just as the debtors had to cover part of their deficit in gold so the creditors were paid in gold for part of their surplus, and had to lend to E.P.U. only the other part.

The result of this system, which is basically a device for limiting, though not eliminating, gold payments, has been an enormous increase in trade among the members of the west European community. In effect, it is not only Britain, but the whole of the sterling area which is tacked on to this system, and between the two—that is, western Europe and the sterling area together—it accounts for something approaching two-thirds of all the trade of the world. Yet the arrangement is not by any means universally popular. E.P.U. is not a permanent institution. Its existence is based on a temporary agreement among seventeen nations, which has had to be renewed each year. The critical date for renewal is June 30, and this year we have only just made it. The arguments in Paris, where all this is discussed inside the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, went on for a long time.

Basically, there have been two objections to the E.P.U. system. The first is that it does not go nearly far enough. It was never intended as anything else than a stop-gap measure, to assist the freedom of exchange in the limited area of western Europe until the countries concerned were willing to make their currencies fully convertible, and so re-establish this freedom of exchange on a world-wide basis. The danger, according to the critics of E.P.U., is that by making life too comfortable for the debtor nations in Europe, they may be deterred from taking the essential but difficult step beyond the E.P.U. system to a fully convertible currency. It is necessary, in view of these critics, to make E.P.U. harder on the debtors—to compel them to pay more and borrow less.

The countries which pressed this proposal most strongly in the Paris discussions were the creditor nations, led by Germany, the biggest creditor of all. She was backed up by three other countries, which, because of their strong creditor position in European trade, had all been lending the E.P.U. more than they thought was fair or good for the health of their economies—Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland.

That leads directly to the second main objection that has been raised against the E.P.U. system. It is that it has failed to work out in the way that was originally intended, as a device which would more or less balance itself automatically over a period. As it was originally planned, the loans given and received were to be of strictly short-term character, required to smooth out temporary fluctuations in the payments of individual countries. But instead of that the members quickly separated into two clear-cut groups—those who were in debt to the others, and always borrowing from E.P.U., and those who were always lending to it. Some of these loans, which were supposed to be so temporary, have now been outstanding for several years, and the sums involved run into several hundred millions of dollars. It is no wonder, then, that the chief creditor countries—Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland—said, when discussions on the renewal of E.P.U. started a few months ago, that they could not be expected to go on lending for another year, while their old debts remained unpaid.

It is at this point that the deal between Britain and Germany comes into the picture. This is part of a general bargain which Britain made for the settlement of its own large debts to E.P.U. with the individual creditor countries. What Britain wanted above all was that the existing arrangements for the finance of international trade through E.P.U. credits should be kept in being for another year at least, when sterling and some of the other currencies might be ready to move forward to full convertibility. In return for the co-operation of the creditor countries in this scheme, the British Government offered to settle with them directly a large part of the old debts incurred inside the E.P.U. system. There was absolutely no compulsion on Britain to do this. The British intention was to start a move among the debtor countries generally to clear a mass of old debts out of the E.P.U. system by arranging to pay off the creditors individually.

That is what has now happened after several weeks of continuous negotiations. Most of the other debtors have agreed to pay up; some of them, like France and Italy, quite substantial sums. On the other side, the creditor countries together—and that includes the minor creditors like Sweden, Portugal, and Austria, as well as the big four, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland—they are to receive something in the region of $100,000,000 annually for the next seven years during which the remainder of the debt will be paid off.

A Tremendously Complicated Agreement

This is a tremendously complicated financial agreement involving fifteen nations and close on $1,000,000,000. The stakes were very high, too: what was in the balance in these latest negotiations in Paris was the fate of over half of the world's trade. But from Britain's point of view, at any rate, the success has not been cheaply bought: $35,000,000 in gold to Germany, another $60,000,000 or so of gold to the other creditors, and a commitment to pay a further $300,000,000 in instalments over the next seven years. The consolation, as far as the debt to Germany is concerned, is that the future instalments will be set off against similar annual instalments which the Germans will make on a debt owed to this country for relief provided after the end of the war. So that, in fact, there should be no further cash payments to Germany—only mutual cancellations once a year. That in effect wipes out a little over $100,000,000 at once, so that both sides will go through the process of solemnly cancelling a slice of their debt to one another once a year, from now until 1960.

—From a talk in the General Overseas Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Criticism

IT is often said by the Man in the Street that the criticism of the arts is an unworthy and sterile occupation. The Man in the Street may be an engineer, say, or a commercial traveller and derive this conclusion from some analogy with his own profession: for who is competent to criticise a work of engineering except some other engineer? Another and not uncommon view of criticism is that critics tend to be out of touch with realities, to dwell in ivory towers, or in some obscure way to be concerned in a racket for boosting things that are not beautiful and will not endure. Our correspondence columns this week include examples of these points of view. Two weeks ago the cover of THE LISTENER contained by way of frontispiece a reproduction of a painting by Picasso, the original of which is in the exhibition of masterpieces from the São Paulo Museum in Brazil. Picasso, one would have thought, was now accepted as one of the leading painters in the world today and the ascription of the painting as a masterpiece was not ours but that of the Tate Gallery. Nevertheless we received a number of letters, some of them abusive, about our cover. Lord Brabazon of Tara, a former Minister of the Crown, writes to us good humouredly enough to say that 'our rather self-satisfied and all-wise art critics . . . extol as wonderful everything that is ugly, misshapen, and eccentric'. The art world is, of course, and always has been, sharply divided, but if one is to believe Lord Brabazon, art critics must be an even stranger set than modern artists.

To turn to another form of criticism, that of the new medium of mass communication, television. Television in itself is scarcely an art form; but it is a means of conveying a number of forms of entertainment and enlightenment to a vast audience. The ordinary television critic therefore has a varied and difficult task; and it is for this reason that THE LISTENER now has two independent critics who divide their interests between (broadly) the documentary and the drama. This week it is our drama critic, Mr. Hope-Wallace, distinguished for his writing on the theatre, music, and ballet, who comes under fire. One of our readers complains that Mr. Hope-Wallace belongs to an 'extraordinary tribe' and that he is incapable of appreciating television programmes which the ordinary licence-holder enjoys immensely. In particular, it is said that he spoke condescendingly of 'Bunter Won't Go!', a children's play (which, in fact, Mr. Hope-Wallace made clear that he had enjoyed). But critics, one would have thought, must set themselves some kind of standards and need to ask whether a particular programme is good of its kind and, if not, how it might be improved. Indeed criticism that does not aim at raising standards or disclosing values would be useless. It would surely amount to little else than reporting.

So one returns to the question—ought there to be criticism at all? Is it not better for every individual to make up his own mind independently about what he likes? Critics, it can be argued, must fall between two stools. They cannot really be experts (they do not themselves often paint successful pictures or write successful plays) and, on the other hand, they are seldom sufficiently down to earth to tell the Man in the Street what he wants to know. The answer no doubt is, as Mr. Hope-Wallace has said, the critic must keep his head while sharing his heart. His is not an easy or pleasant job, and the victims of adverse comment are bound to be hurt. Yet Aristotle surely said the first and last word on the point when he observed that it is the discriminating eater and not the cook who is the best judge of the dinner.

What They Are Saying

Geneva and Paris

BROADCASTING FROM GENEVA on the night of July 17—three days before his self-imposed deadline for agreement on Indo-China—M. Mendès-France said that though the two sides had reached a large measure of agreement on the principles of a settlement, there remained wide—though not insurmountable—differences. The French Prime Minister added that the greatest enemy at Geneva was a morbid distrust, involving a virtually irresistible tendency to believe nothing, to admit nothing, and nearly to hope for nothing. He hoped the success of the conference would show a breach had been made in this thick wall of suspicion. French commentators welcomed the interchange of views between the three western Foreign Ministers at Paris as having been extremely useful and hailed the U.S. decision to send Mr. Bedell Smith to Geneva. A number of French newspapers congratulated M. Mendès-France on having achieved an outstanding diplomatic success. The Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying that the Communists must realise that if a settlement in Indo-China were not achieved, they would be faced with a powerful military coalition in south-east Asia, ready to meet force with force. Several French newspapers emphasised that while there was a chance of an honourable settlement by July 20, there would be no question of surrender.

From the U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying the Paris conference had resulted in the united front of the west having been to some extent restored. After speaking of the urgency of both a south-east Asian defence system and E.D.C., *The New York Times* stated:

> Fortunately, a solid foundation for the Paris conference to build upon was provided on the eve of the meeting by Prime Minister Churchill in his report to the House of Commons. Sir Winston effectively eliminated, at least for the present, the principal point of difference between the U.S. and Britain when he declared that this is not the time for Britain to reconsider the question of admitting Communist China into the U.N.

Broadcasts from the Communist world interpreted the Paris conference as a last-minute U.S. attempt to prevent agreement at Geneva. Thus a broadcast from Moscow, quoting *Pravda*, stated:

> Dulles' visit to Paris in the present conditions represents an attempt to exercise pressure on France and Britain, in order to frustrate a successful conclusion at Geneva.

According to a brief Soviet home-service comment on Sir Winston Churchill's statement in parliament, the six-point declaration extolled by the Prime Minister 'testifies to the concessions made by Britain to aggressive U.S. circles'. On the other hand the main theme in many Soviet broadcasts was the 'increasing isolation' of the U.S.A., which 'stands practically alone among the Powers when it comes to international policy'. An east German broadcast on Mr. Dulles' visit to Paris maintained that the choice of Paris and the timing of the visit, 'now that the Geneva conference is doing extremely well'—

> condemn this politician who is afraid of putting the U.S. point of view to the world. The talks he called can have no other aim than to put pressure on Britain and France, who have lately pursued the path of genuine negotiations and have clearly departed from the unrealistic American plan.

Another east German broadcast, commenting on Sir Winston's statement, however, said that it confirmed that Churchill had yielded to the U.S. 'policy of strength'. A Berlin broadcast said that Herr Adenauer, who was still seeking to 'blackmail France into ratifying E.D.C.', might have learned something from Mr. Dulles, who had gone to Geneva determined to use U.S. strength to 'force Molotov and Chou En-lai to their knees'. He had found, however, that 'the men of the world peace camp' could not be intimidated. A Warsaw broadcast in English commented:

> Britain's role, in these last critical days of the Geneva conference will be of the highest importance. . . . Experience has shown that when the British and French delegates have taken a common stand with Molotov and Chou En-lai, the Americans have had to capitulate . . .

Last week a broadcast from Stalino radio in the U.S.S.R. again called for more attention to be paid to 'scientific atheistic propaganda'. Not only were there people who were unable to free themselves from 'religious superstition', but there were 'even *young* people who are still under the influence of the religious narcotic'. The Soviet broadcast concluded by saying that religious beliefs were incompatible with bringing up cheerful and militant builders of communism.

Did You Hear That?

ARNOLD DOLMETSCH AND EARLY MUSIC

SPEAKING OF THE achievements of his father, Arnold Dolmetsch, in a Third Programme talk, CARL DOLMETSCH said: 'The first early instrument to interest Arnold Dolmetsch was the viola d'amore, a bowed instrument whose tone is given an enchanting lustre by the sympathetic strings which run through the lower part of the bridge and under the fingerboard. He acquired a beautiful instrument by the great early Italian maker Testore and then searched for music which had been written for it. It was while looking for this in the British Museum that his interest was aroused by some sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English contrapuntal consorts for viols. He was so struck by its great beauty that he decided there and then that he must have the viols, and the players, for its authentic performance. With his restoration of lovely old viols and training of sensitive musicians to play them during the 1880s, the movement can be said to have begun. At this period Dolmetsch, fresh from his studies at the Brussels Conservatoire and the newly founded Royal College of Music in London, was making his way as a violinist, teacher, and composer. It was then that he decided to forsake the security of the conventional path for the less secure but far more thrilling gamble which was to revolutionise the whole approach to early music and his own life into the bargain.

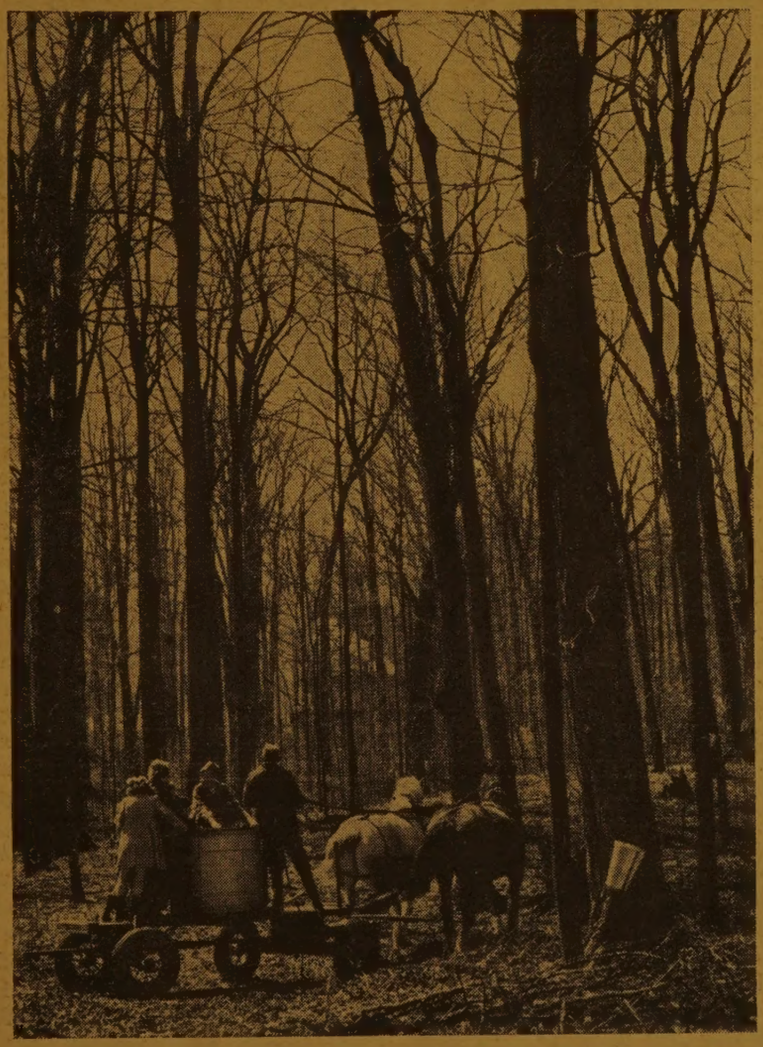
'He had for a time forgotten the extent of his great skill as a craftsman, acquired when a boy in his father's and grandfather's piano and organ building workshops, he thought he could rely on modern musical instrument makers to carry out the necessary restorations while he confined himself to playing, teaching, and research. He soon discovered the impossibility of obtaining the results he wanted from craftsmen. Their sole idea then was to make old instruments sound like modern ones, with heavy stringing and reinforcing of their delicate structure to withstand the added strain. It was then that he procured the necessary tools and turned the attic of his Dulwich house into his first workshop. His impetuous enthusiasm can best be illustrated here by a single short anecdote. At an auction a magnificent Paduan lute, the finest he had ever seen, was being offered to an unappreciative gathering of sale-room *habitués*. Hearing the opening bid, a mere £5, he exclaimed "Not five, fifty", whereupon the instrument was knocked down to him.

'In his Dulwich workshops antique viols, lutes, virginals, clavichords and harpsichords were restored to life. This was the beginning, serving as his apprenticeship, but it did not satisfy him for long, for he had the creative mind of the craftsman of long ago. As they had done centuries earlier, he designed and built his own models. They were not merely copies of other people's work, for this would only have led to mediocre results and stagnation. For him the work was alive, and must grow and develop; in any case there would soon not have been sufficient antiques to meet the new and increasing demand. A lute, some clavichords and virginals were among the first new instruments he produced, soon followed by a harpsichord, none of which instruments had been built in England since the eighteenth century'.

SUGARING TIME IN VERMONT

'I had been spending the winter in the Green Mountains of Vermont, just below the Canadian border', said SYLVIA HAYMON in a Home Service talk, 'in a white wooden farmhouse with green shutters that looked as trim and pretty as a doll's house. The winter had been hard and long. Although it was March there were none of the familiar signs of spring that I was accustomed to look for at home; no snowdrops, no crocuses, no daffodil buds fattening in their sheaths. But one day the farmer's young son, Buster, came rushing into the house:

'"Saw an ol' racoon up in the woods today. They woken up, I guess". And that evening, as we sat in the kitchen round the big wood-burning stove, we heard a honk, honk, honk overhead. We rushed outside, ignoring the cold, in time to see a wedge-shaped formation of wild geese disappearing north into the darkness. "Reckon we'll be all set to start with the sugarin' any day now", observed the farmer, and I realised then that, for him, it was the turn of the year. Spring had come.



Collecting the sap in a sugar-maple orchard

'My host had some 750 trees in his sugar orchard—real forest trees for size. Preparations for the sugaring had been going on for some time. All the equipment had been checked over and cleaned—drills, spouts, pails and covers, trays and tanks. The big farm-horses had drawn sled-load after sled-load of logs from the wood-pile down to the sugar-house, at the edge of the orchard.

'Once the sap starts rising, only an exceptionally cold day will stop it, so speed is vital, because it is on its way up the trunk that the sap for maple syrup must be caught. What a hustle and bustle that morning. While the farmer hitched the horse to the sled, and brought out everything that would be needed, we—the whole household—bundled ourselves up in woollies and mackinaws, earmuffs and snow-boots. One of the hired helps kindly lent me a pair of red flannel "longies" which I donned without a qualm. They were man-sized and came well up under the armpits. It might be warm enough for the sap to rise in the maples, but as far as I was concerned, it was cold enough outside to freeze the marrow in one's bones.

'As soon as we were ready, off we all hurried as fast as we could go to the sugar orchard. Under the purposeful direction of the farmer we got to work without delay. At a height of some three or four feet, he drilled a little hole—sometimes more than one—into each tree trunk, no deeper than the length of his little finger. Into each he fixed a wooden spout. On to the spout a metal pail was hung to catch the sap as soon as it should begin to run; and on to the pail was put a cover to keep the sap clean. All day the farmer drove his sled about the orchard, from tree to tree. The sled had a big tank mounted on it, into which the workers emptied the contents of the pails, then rehung them on the spouts to collect a fresh harvest. When the tank was full, the farmer

look his load to the sugar-house. This was a clapboard structure with what looked like a loft above, but which was really a kind of chimney for the crackling fires beneath. Here the logs burned merrily under enormous trays into which the sap was emptied, gallons and gallons of it, and then boiled. It takes about ten gallons of the sap to make a quart of maple syrup, so that an impressive quantity of liquid has to be evaporated'.

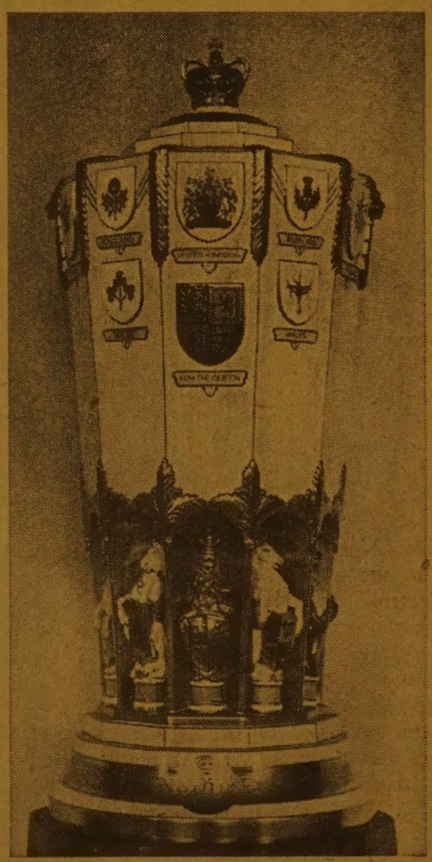
THE QUEEN'S VASE

'Last week', said BERNARD HOLLOWOOD in a Midland Home Service talk, 'at Buckingham Palace, the Queen received a number of distinguished representatives of the pottery industry and was presented with a wonderful vase. It will be known as The Queen's Vase and will eventually be housed in Windsor Castle, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will rival all the treasures of that noble building.

'The word vase can be misleading: it can mean anything, from those lofty, full-bellied beauties of ancient Egypt and China down to the meanest jam-pot-type receptacles for wild flowers that decorate the window-sills of village schools. There are vases and vases; and this one, the Queen's Vase, is really in a class by itself. Words cannot possibly do justice to the splendour and magnificence of this fine piece of pottery which blazes with gold, silver, and colours of startling brilliance. It stands, on its base of Australian black bean wood, about thirty inches high, and is some twelve inches wide at the shoulder: and all told it weighs twenty-nine pounds. So it is a giant among vases, and I doubt whether a larger or heavier vase has ever been made in bone china.

'Bone china was a British discovery and today we have almost a monopoly of its manufacture. Hold it against the light and you see that it is translucent; flick it with a finger and it rings or chimes like a bell. It is delicate but tough, fragile but enduring: a lovely material. And it is made from three ingredients—animal bones, cow bones, that have been burned and ground to a fine white powder, china clay from Cornwall, and Cornish stone, a sort of granite. Mix up these materials in powder form with water, and you get a liquid rather like thin cream: it is called "slip", and this slip can be poured into plaster moulds and made to adopt the shape of the mould. The plaster absorbs the water and leaves a layer of clay of the required shape.

'The vase is a ten-sided vessel surmounted by a lid and crown, and the base colour is ivory. The sides or panels are not curved; they fall straight away from the wide shoulder to the ten niches about the plinth in which handsome three-dimensional models of the Queen's beasts are set. Just beneath the shoulder the panels are richly decorated with shields carrying the Royal Coat of Arms and the floral emblems of the mother countries of Britain, the realms of the Commonwealth and the Republic of India. Each emblem is a work of art, beautifully drawn and coloured, and the lettering is fine, elegant and precise. And around the plinth of the vase is the inscription: "To Commemorate the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"'.



The Queen's Vase which has been presented to Her Majesty by the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation to commemorate the Coronation

THE PUZZLED GRAMPUS

BRUNO VAILATI, leader of the Italian under-water expedition to the Red Sea, described in 'Radio Newsreel' his encounter with a school of grampus.

'For several hours', he said, 'we had been hearing strange noises from under water, such as whistles or whines, in a very acute range, and we could hardly tell what was their origin. We went back to our ship and set out for the open sea. After a few miles, we met a school of about fifteen to twenty grampus, mammals of great size, ranging from thirty to forty feet in length. I wanted to see what they would look like and how they would react to our presence, so I had the motors stopped, and I, my hydrobiologist, the motion-picture cameraman, and the still cameraman went down.

'The fish swam round us in a quite friendly way, and the first thing we realised was that the whistles and whines we had been hearing were their language. They were speaking about us, obviously, and they were very chatty. They swam round us for some time. One stayed quietly, six feet from my head. His own head was about a square yard in size and he had enormous eyes, looking like oranges. He was gazing at me with a puzzled expression, but he was very friendly. We could easily swim round the grampus, who were almost motionless in the water.

'Then they decided to go away, and the decision was simultaneous. They started whistling all together, lined up, like soldiers or fashion models, and passed by us in rows of three or four, well in line, and went out to the open sea'.

WHERE THEY STILL RUB NOSES

A place in the Pacific where few Europeans ever go is Rennell Island, but recently a naturalist from the British Museum and his wife, John and Diana Bradley, spent some time there collecting specimens for the Museum. They lived in a village of about 160 inhabitants in one of the native houses.

MRS. BRADLEY spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'It was a newly built one', she said, 'thatched with pandanus leaves and with a raised floor of cane, and was very nice and cool. The village is on a fairly level piece of ground, carpeted with grass, which is cut regularly once a week. Cooking is not done in the houses, but in separate kitchen huts, where there is a hole filled with lumps of coral. A fire is lit and when the stones are hot, food is placed on them wrapped in leaves, usually taro or pawpaw leaves, more hot stones placed on top and the pile covered with leaves and earth, and left for a couple of hours. Once or twice we had chicken cooked this way and it was delicious.

'The village is a fairly new one, having been started about 1939 by converts of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission, who wished to live in a community away from the heathen, and converts to other Missions. Most of those in the next village, Nuipani, belong to the South Seas Evangelical Mission. The biggest building in the village is the church which holds about four hundred. At services the men sit on one side and the women on the other.

'The island is formed of rugged coral, and although it is densely forested there is little soil. What soil there is collects in pockets and in these patches the Rennellese grow their food. These fertile spots are often a long way from the villages, sometimes even a day's journey and then there is usually a small shelter and the owners spend two or three days there at a time. The main crops are taro, yam, and panna, which are root vegetables, and pawpaws, a fruit. Coconuts are grown in separate plantations. Although the men clear the ground as well as they can with their primitive tools, the women tend the plants. They catch some fish and a few birds, but their diet is rather monotonous and contains little protein. However, they seem to thrive on it. Fortunately, we did not have to live on their diet, for we had taken plenty of tinned food with us; mostly corned beef, rice and cabin biscuits which proved popular with them too. We did get a little fresh fruit, mainly pawpaws and bananas, with an occasional pineapple and coconut. The Rennellese are a friendly people, like all Polynesians, and were pleased to see us. They are keen to learn the white man's ways and most of them greeted us by shaking hands. They now do this among themselves, although we did see one or two carrying out the old custom of rubbing noses'.

TOO HOT FOR THE ELEPHANTS

Speaking of the recent heat wave in the United States, DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, said: 'At Dallas, Texas, where the thermometer has shown over 100 for the last nine days, a concrete company used crushed ice to mix their concrete to keep it from setting before it could be poured. At St. Louis, Missouri, the Municipal Zoo cancelled a parade of elephants because the pavements were too hot for them to walk on'.

Superfluidity and Superconduction

By KURT MENDELSSOHN

LAST summer the University of Leiden celebrated the 100th birthday of the great Dutch physicist Kamerlingh Onnes. The world of very low temperatures, which Onnes opened for us, and which has since been further explored in many laboratories, is a strange and eerie place—strange and eerie not only because the homely laws of ordinary physics have been abandoned there but also because this startling change can be seen by the naked eye. No sensitive instruments or elaborate calculations are required to acquaint us with the unusual features of the new physical world into which we have entered; we simply cannot fail to see them.

Loss of Electrical Resistance

In 1908 Kamerlingh Onnes first liquefied helium at a temperature of only a few degrees above the absolute zero. Three years later he discovered that at these extremely low temperatures certain metals completely lose their electrical resistance, and lose it quite suddenly. An electric current that has been started in a simple closed ring of, say, lead or tin, will keep on running in this ring, with undiminished strength, for seconds, minutes, hours, or even days—as long as the metal is kept cold. This phenomenon of 'superconductivity', as it has been called, can be made visible if we drop a sphere of the same metal into our ring. As the sphere approaches the persistent current in the ring, a similar current is induced in the surface of the sphere. As the distance between the ring and sphere gets less, the repulsion between the two currents grows, until finally it equals the weight of the sphere. Then a state of equilibrium is attained in which we see the sphere floating motionless in space above the ring.

Only some metals become superconductive: others do not. But it is possible to make a superconducting alloy out of two metals that are not. This shows that superconductivity cannot be a property of the atom. It must in some way be due to the free electrons in the metal. But, before we consider what might happen to the electrons when they become superconductive, let us turn for a moment to the properties of liquid helium itself.

On the same day in 1908 when Kamerlingh Onnes first liquefied helium, he tried, by pumping off the vapour above the liquid, to freeze it into solid helium. This and later attempts failed, and today we know that even at the absolute zero helium will remain a liquid. It is the only substance that by cooling cannot be solidified. Instead of turning solid, something quite unexpected happens. As the vapour is pumped off, the liquid boils and its whole volume is churned up by bubbles, just like boiling water. Then suddenly, at a temperature of about two degrees above absolute zero, the boiling ceases and the liquid becomes quite still, its meniscus now standing against the glass wall like the edge of a knife. This strange behaviour was explained when it was found that at this temperature the heat conduction of the liquid increases abruptly 1,000,000 times. At this same temperature the manner in which it flows undergoes an equally remarkable change. The resistance experienced by the liquid in flowing through a narrow tube also becomes 1,000,000 times smaller, and indeed the narrower we make the tube the easier the liquid helium runs through it.

Just as with superconductivity this 'superfluidity' can be beautifully demonstrated by a simple experiment. All surfaces in contact with liquid helium are covered with a thin, invisible film of helium. We do not know what causes this film to exist, but we do know that through it helium can flow with even greater ease than through the finest capillary. If we dip an ordinary test tube partly into a bath of liquid helium, we see that the empty tube gradually fills up with liquid which has passed along the invisible film, up the side and over the rim of the tube. This goes on until the level inside the tube is the same as that of the helium outside. If you now lift the tube out a little, the flow is reversed. If we pull the tube completely out of the bath, we see small drops of helium collecting at the bottom of the test tube and dripping off, one by one, until the test tube is empty. It is an Alice in Wonderland world where one wants to rub one's eyes and wake up.

The most astonishing feature of this striking experiment is the clockwork regularity with which the drops fall; at a constant rate, independent of whether the level in the test tube is high or low. This shows that the helium passing along the film is flowing without friction, just as the electrons flow without friction round the closed metal ring.

Some of the things I have just mentioned have been known for more than forty years, others have been discovered only recently. In view of their remarkable nature many serious attempts at providing an explanation have been made, but so far without much success. Efforts to explain superconductivity as a limiting case of ordinary electric conduction has to be abandoned, and equally the superfluidity of helium does not seem to be an extreme condition of normal fluid flow. The absence of friction which is never observed otherwise in large-scale phenomena reminds us much more of the laws of quantum physics which operate within individual atoms. The drops of liquid helium falling off the test tube appear as regularly as the alpha-particles ejected from the nuclei in a bit of radium.

The most important clue in our search for an explanation is the fact that this new frictionless state of matter appears only close to absolute zero. We must therefore look into the physical nature of this ultimate limit of the temperature scale, which, incidentally, can never be reached.

More than 250 years ago Amotons postulated an absolute zero as a final state of complete rest at which all motion of the atoms of matter would have died away. This idea held sway until early this century, when Walther Nernst discovered that absolute zero is not the zero point of motion, that is of energy, but of a quite different physical quantity, the entropy. The term entropy is not only unfamiliar, it strikes a certain terror even into the hearts of many physics students; but it is really quite harmless. The entropy simply denotes the degree of disorder in a physical system, and it is a very useful concept. Take, for instance, a jam jar and fill it carefully half with white and half with red sand. Then take a spoon and stir the sand 100 times in a clockwise direction. You will have pink sand. Stirring the sand now 100 times in an anti-clockwise direction will, of course, not separate it again. In fact, you will have pinker sand. Why? Because the second law of thermodynamics says that in any random process the entropy, that is the disorder of the system, will increase.

There is a close connection between entropy and temperature. As a substance is cooled, the arrangement of its atoms becomes more orderly. In a gas the atoms move about in an irregular fashion filling the whole available space of the container with their disorderly motion. As the gas is cooled, it changes to a liquid and most of the atoms now come together, somewhat more orderly, at the bottom of the vessel. On further cooling, the liquid will freeze solid, and close examination of the solid will now reveal a beautiful pattern of great orderliness. Any true solid, whether it be ice or sulphur or copper, is made up of crystals and in these crystals the atoms are arranged in order, like the squares on a chess board or bricks in a wall. In this way the increase in order, or, what is the same, the decrease of entropy, as the temperature is lowered is clearly demonstrated.

Measuring Entropy

This close connection between disorder and heat leads to a simple way of measuring the degree of disorder, the entropy. All we have to do is to determine the amount of heat which has to be taken out of the substance in order to cool it. This straightforward measurement will then tell us immediately by how much the system has gained in orderliness.

In the case of a superconductor and with liquid helium we find that, as the substance enters into the new, frictionless state, it also becomes very orderly. Unfortunately, however, our measurement of entropy is so simple that it is too general. It reveals a great increase in orderliness but it provides no clue as to the pattern of this order. Our first thought when looking for such a pattern will be to turn to the familiar aspect of a crystal, with its regular array of atoms. But we see at once that the crystal cannot provide the correct explanation of superfluidity and superconductivity. After all, the first significant fact about liquid helium was

that it does not freeze into a crystal and it is equally clear that there is no crystallisation of the electrons in a metal when it becomes superconductive.

How, then, can we understand a condition of great orderliness among the helium atoms or the electrons without visualising a regular pattern of their positions? Indeed, the concept of order itself as it is formed by our minds is based on such a regular pattern. When we try to describe the mutual arrangements of objects, we do this by mapping out their positions relative to each other. A state of order, that is a particular, pre-selected kind of mutual arrangement, always means to us a pattern of positions. It would seem nonsensical to talk of order among a number of objects or particles without first considering where they are.

Velocity and Position

But it is just by this apparently plausible argument that the ingrained one-sidedness of our minds has led us astray, because knowledge of position is only half the story. No description, physical or otherwise, is complete as long as it gives us only information about a state of affairs at a particular instance of time. In order to say what will happen next—and that is what usually interests us—we must also know what has happened before. It is not enough to know the positions, we must also know how these positions change with time. If you are shown a spilt-second photograph of two motor-cars facing each other, radiator to radiator, at a distance of, say, two yards, your curiosity will hardly be satisfied. You will want to know whether these cars were just parked peacefully nose to nose, or whether at the time the photograph was taken they were moving. Nobody will have any doubt that in this case, for a description of events, velocity is as important as position.

Taken in conjunction with the mass of a particle, position and velocity provide an aspect of unique complementarity. Like lock and key they show no similarity and separately they have little meaning, but each is as important as the other for the description of the whole.

The complete equivalence of position and velocity in the treatment of an assembly of particles was fully realised for the first time by the great American chemist Willard Gibbs. He showed that the space required for an adequate description had not three but six dimensions. Three dimensions are needed to account for the positions and another three for the velocities of the particles.

It so happens that the dimensions which our minds can register are the three dimensions of position space; the space of velocities lies beyond our powers of comprehension. Why this should be so we do not know. It may be a matter of training or due to some principle in the construction of our brains. But the fact that we cannot visualise the space of velocities does not make it non-existent, and things may happen in it that are as interesting and significant as those in ordinary position space. For instance, when trying to define a state of order, so far, we have considered only the mutual arrangement of particles according to their positions. But there may exist, unseen by us, an equally important mutual arrangement of velocities.

And here we return to the problem of superconductivity and superfluidity. We set out to account for a state of great order which, however, could not be a regular pattern of positions. The complementarity of velocity and position now provides a solution that seems almost inevitable. Just as the solid state, the crystal, is a manifestation of a regular pattern of positions, so the superfluids may owe their behaviour to a regular pattern of velocities. This pattern, as yet hardly explored, must then take its place with the well-known states of gas, liquid and solid, as a new, a fourth, state of aggregation of matter.

It is exciting to think that what we have found may be such a new state of aggregation, and it is disappointing to realise immediately that this fundamental pattern of order cannot be comprehended by our imagination. But the happenings in velocity space are not going by unnoticed in dimensions to which our senses have access. On the contrary, the phenomena of condensed velocities are exceedingly spectacular. We can see the metal sphere floating in space and we can see the drops of helium falling from the test tube. Clearly, the space of velocities is not closed to our observation, and possibly not quite closed to our imagination. We can even find examples of velocity condensation in our daily experience—for instance, a speed limit. Without it motor cars will move along the roads with varying velocities up to 100 miles per hour, according to the temperaments of driver and engine. If, now, a speed limit is imposed, this aspect of traffic is radically changed. Now, all the cars move with the same velocity of thirty miles per hour, presenting a pattern of order which we can visualise without much difficulty. But the order which has been established on the road, and which we can comprehend, is purely one of velocities. There is no order in the position of the cars. They are distributed along the road at random, some following each other closely, others far apart. What the speed limit does is to keep their relative positions the same because they all move in a string at thirty miles per hour. The position pattern formed by the string of cars is disorderly; what is ordered are their velocities which have been, you could say, 'frozen' or 'condensed' at a constant value of thirty miles per hour.

All I intended to show with this comparison is that velocity condensation is not necessarily a mathematical figment. But I do not wish to suggest for a moment that the helium atoms or electrons move exactly like the cars on the road. The development of modern physics has taught us that while such analogies may be helpful, they must never be taken too literally. For instance, our order pattern of the speed limit was based on the fact that the cars have index numbers, that is, individuality, whereas one helium atom cannot be distinguished from another. What the actual order pattern of velocities in this new state of aggregation is, we do not yet know. Because we have not got that far yet. At present, research has led us to a stage when, from individual and usually disconnected observations, we first begin to see dimly the outline of the whole phenomenon.

We are very much in the position of those physicists 200 years ago who first started to investigate the nature of the solid state. Just as their work revealed the mechanical and thermal properties of a crystal, so we begin to understand a little about the basic aspects of this new state of aggregation. Already it is clear that transport without friction seems to be the most essential feature, again pointing to the significance of motion rather than of position. It has also been established now that this frictionless transport breaks down sharply when a certain state of motion is exceeded. One might almost say that at this critical degree of motion the order of velocities 'melts away'.

The exploration of the new state of aggregation is still a field of shots in the dark and of speculation. One may, for instance, ask whether superconductivity and superfluidity are the only manifestations of this state. Possibly there are no other examples of it on the face of the earth. But it is well to remember that the ordinary solid state as we know it cannot exist in astronomical bodies larger than, say, the planet Jupiter. In still larger stars gravity will compress the centre into a collapsed 'degenerate' state, and there, particularly if the temperature is not too high, conditions would be more favourable to velocity condensation. So it is not impossible that the new state of aggregation is the common state of condensed matter in the universe, with the solid state we know appearing as a rare exception in such unrepresentative places as the surface of the earth.

Lessons from Hypothetical Structures

We can even go further in our speculations. So far, we have only considered a condensation according to positions, that is a crystal; or one according to velocities, and that is a superfluid. In a purely formalistic manner one can also postulate states in which both positions and velocities are ordered. The properties of such hypothetical structures are quite interesting. They will present an ordered pattern in position space and will therefore be tangible objects but at the same time they will also be endowed with the characteristic features of a superfluid. A peculiarity of the latter is that it is common to the whole of the structure, as for instance the persistent current is common to the whole of the superconducting lead ring. If the ring is cut even once, the whole current is destroyed. Moreover, since the degree of orderliness in our structure is very high, it will be of great complexity. All this leads to a strange combination. A complex structure in ordinary space which may, however, completely lose its characteristic features if it is subdivided even once. There is only one class of physical systems which shows all these properties, and these are the structures of living matter. Even a single living cell is vastly more complex than any inorganic structure, and its essential function, life, is irretrievably destroyed if it is cut in half.

It is tempting to visualise life as yet another state in which matter can aggregate—a state in its own right which differs from any known form of aggregation, but without making it necessary for us to postulate some mysterious metaphysical principle. However, here speculation has strayed far from our sound knowledge of the solid state and our less sound knowledge of the superfluid state. Even so, dreams and imagination are more important to the progress of science than is commonly believed.—*Third Programme*

New Light on Malta's Earliest Inhabitants

JOHN D. EVANS on recent excavations

MR. WARD PERKINS has recently spoken on the Third Programme about the great megalithic temples of Malta and Gozo*, of their architectural splendour and of the problems which they present to the archaeologist. He pointed out the inadequacy of previous theories to explain them, or who built them, and mentioned the work now on foot to increase our knowledge of the strange culture of which they are the enduring expression. I have just returned from this work in Malta, and I want to give you some account of our progress and of the conclusions we have been able to draw.

An archaeological survey has been in progress for some time in Malta, the principal aim being to draw together all available data bearing on the prehistoric period. The detailed comparative study of this material, now undertaken for the first time, produced unexpectedly good results. At the same time it revealed the gaps in our knowledge and suggested several fresh lines of inquiry. To follow these up meant a certain amount of carefully planned excavation. This has now been carried out, and, in spite of occasional disappointments, we feel we have met with a large measure of solid success. As a result, we are now in a position to give a far more rational and convincing account of this fascinating prehistoric community than ever before.

The origin of the first settlers who came to colonise the little group of islands is no longer in doubt; we can now trace in fair detail the development and elaboration of their culture (though still exclusively in its religious and funerary aspects), and we have discovered a good deal about their relations with the prehistoric peoples of other Mediterranean lands at various times. Lastly, the evidence which we have of these connections has enabled us for the first time to suggest absolute datings in terms of years for the different periods of Maltese prehistory.

The confidence which we feel in these dates is due to recent rapid advances in archaeological knowledge in other Mediterranean lands, and above all to the work done by the Director of Antiquities in Sicily, Professor Bernabò Brea, whose excavations in the medieval citadel of Lipari have uncovered a long series of prehistoric settlements. Here, mixed with native material in a layer of the Early Bronze Age were found fragments of Mycenean pottery (imported from Greece or the Aegean Islands) of a type known to have been in fashion there about the middle of the sixteenth century B.C. This momentous discovery gave us the earliest reasonably secure dating for prehistoric material in the western Mediterranean. The existence of continuous culture contacts between Lipari and Sicily helped the dating of Sicilian material, and finally the tracing of connections between Malta and both these areas has enabled its usefulness to be extended to the dating of the Maltese material as well.

One of the chief results of the preliminary survey work in Malta was to suggest the possibility of classifying the various types of prehistoric pottery into an ordered series representing a slow and gradual development. Some of the phases thus distinguished corresponded to moments in the Sicilian sequence—and in the right order, which lent a further colouring of plausibility. But for certainty more was required than this. The first task of our excavation programme was to demonstrate the truth or otherwise of this classification by finding a deposit with several distinct layers in which the various types might succeed each other. Previous excavators had failed to find anything of this kind, but we were convinced that the fault lay rather in their technique than in the absence of such a sequence.

Our first attempt was made in one of the lesser known monuments, situated near the little village of Mgarr, which stands at the head of a fertile valley near the south-west coast of Malta. This was chosen because it seemed likely, in view of its plan and the technique of building, to be one of the oldest. We were fortunate. Our first trench here produced an almost complete confirmation of the proposed sequence of pottery-styles. Four out of five of the distinct types recognised in the pottery of the temple-building culture were represented, and

Excavations in a Maltese temple: a trench made to establish the date of an elaborate pitted niche—

—and a *torba* floor superimposed upon an earlier one

stratified one below the other. Only the earliest phase of all was missing; but this in itself might be taken as a confirmation that it really was the earliest and had gone out of fashion even before the building of this archaic monument.

Here, then, was our first object substantially accomplished in the first two days' work. There remained the task of applying our newly gained knowledge to the second main object of our work, that of providing histories for the remaining monuments in terms of building phases, and relative datings for these phases in terms of the pottery sequence.

The confirmation of the pottery sequence gave us a powerful instrument for solving our problems. The quantity of potsherds to be found on any Maltese temple site is truly staggering. For centuries, the local people have been collecting and crushing these fragments, for they are an important ingredient of the cement, called *deffun*, with which houses are roofed. Yet still, when any new site is excavated, whole cart-loads of fragments come to light. No doubt the ritual of

* THE LISTENER, June 3

the temples required the bringing of continual offerings, and, probably, the ritual breaking of the vessels which had held them. Owing to the frequent rebuildings which took place, many pieces actually became incorporated in the structure of the building, and it was these, rather than those which lay on or above the floors, which were important for our purposes. Once we knew the kinds of pottery present in a given structure and, even more important, those which were absent, we were in a position to form a fair idea of the point in the sequence at which the building must have been erected.

Areas of Undisturbed Deposit

The monuments in which our work was carried out had all been excavated before, often long ago, and some of them had been re-excavated at several different dates. In this state of affairs one of our principal problems was naturally to find areas of undisturbed deposit where we could be sure that the material was still in its original position. Fortunately, it was not necessary that the areas should be large, and the places where material of most significance to us could be found, such as behind and beneath the great walling slabs, beneath altar-stones and thresholds, and below the flooring of the chambers themselves, were just the spots which the early excavators, interested chiefly in uncovering the plan, most often left intact.

The floors of the Maltese temples are generally surfaced with a kind of cement made of soft, clayey limestone watered and beaten hard, which is known locally as *torba*. Most of our trenches were made in these floors, if possible running up to one of the walls, in order to see how they were laid and what they rested on. Torba floors seem to have needed renewing at intervals and there is often a second and even a third below the first. The significance of these successive floorings is obvious. Each floor seals in a certain amount of broken pottery and other objects, which are clearly separated from those below by another floor, and so on. Thus the range of time during which a building continued in use can be clearly seen, while the material beneath the lowest floor supplies us with the date of the structure itself.

It is not always as simple as that though; sometimes complications creep in. For example, at the Tarxien temples early pottery was found beneath the lowest floors of two adjacent rooms. These, however, formed part of a building whose complex plan and technical perfection indicated that it should be among the latest erected. Careful investigation solved the problem by showing that the rooms in question belonged to an older building which had been dismantled and entirely reconstructed to form part of the present one. Incidentally, this new knowledge made more understandable a feature which had puzzled us all. These two rooms are barred off from the rest of the building by a screen carved with symbolic eyes to guard their privacy. It is obvious now that they formed an inner sanctuary which was specially hallowed because it stood on the site of a far older shrine.

To turn now to the results of all this work: what sort of picture can we now present of the earliest settlement of the Maltese islands? Some things still remain obscure, particularly those aspects of daily life unconnected with the elaborate religious observances of the temples. Our efforts to locate a settlement site have so far been unavailing, since trial trenches in the old citadel in Gozo revealed only remains of the Arab occupation. But if this problem remains as a stimulus to further effort, the actual gains have been enormous. When work was started in Malta two years ago the only existing classification of the prehistoric material was that into temple and post-temple material established by Sir Themistocles Zammit in 1914, and estimates of the date of the great monuments could still vary by well over 1,000 years. Now we can distinguish five clear phases in the temple-building period and three in the post-temple period of Maltese prehistory. We can state with fair confidence that the temples themselves cover a period of about 500 years from just before 2000 to about 1500 B.C., and are related to and broadly contemporary with the greater part of the megalithic phenomena of western and northern Europe.

The earliest relics of human occupation in Malta have been found in the Dalam cave in the south-east of the island, where they are stratified above the bones of the dwarf hippos and elephants of a far older day. Their pottery is identical with that of the earliest neolithic inhabitants of Sicily, and suggests that the Maltese islands were first colonised from there by primitive farmers late in the third millennium B.C. So far as we now know, they did not yet build megalithic monuments. None such exist in Sicily, and none belonging to this period have yet been found in Malta. The monument at Mgarr, which is the earliest known, belongs to a slightly later time. We do not yet know whence the impulse to build these structures reached Malta, but the early date of the Mgarr temples suggests that the island was in the line of diffusion of megalithic ideas to the west. Both the buildings at Mgarr have the simple clover-leaf plan described by Mr. Ward Perkins in his talk, and the proof that they were early therefore gave the first confirmation to our theories about the line of development followed by these buildings.

Apart from that furnished by the Mgarr temples, evidence about these early phases is tantalisingly hard to get. A small group of rock-cut tombs discovered in 1947 and excavated by the Valletta Museum belong to the same period as the larger building at Mgarr. This material confirms the idea that Malta was being subjected to influence from the eastern Mediterranean at this time and suggests that she was passing on these impulses to the lands of the west-Mediterranean basin. This can be seen in the small objects of daily life, such as buttons, no less that in the crude beginnings of symbolic and representational art.

There is early material from a number of sites in Malta and Gozo preserved in the Valletta Museum, but many of these sites have been almost, or completely, destroyed. In particular a group of sites on Corradino Heights, overlooking the Grand Harbour, once five in number, has suffered heavily. Two had disappeared before 1910, and two others were wrecked by enemy action during the second world war. The remaining one, first excavated in 1911, yielded us a second comprehensive pottery-sequence. Unfortunately, this building whose floors contained such valuable evidence is so destroyed that its plan cannot be made out. The Corradino monument, however, is a complex one and contains, in addition to the destroyed building, a comparatively well-preserved structure with a clover-leaf plan. This seemed slightly more developed than that of the Mgarr monument, since the chambers showed a tendency towards the more open, apsidal form of the later monuments. It was therefore satisfactory when the pottery found below the paving of the central court indicated a date early in the fourth phase.

Soon after the building of this monument, a little later in the same phase, the clover-leaf plan seems to have been definitely abandoned in favour of the developed plan which features two oval chambers with a small alcove or niche in the centre of the rear one which replaced the old third chamber. At the Ggantija in Gozo a second oval room has been added to a gigantic trefoil of developed type to conform with the new fashion. The whole of the great complexes of the Ggantija, and, more surprisingly, of Hagar Qim in Malta have been proved to belong to this period.

This tremendous surge of building activity is paralleled by the technical advances in the art of building itself. One of these is the much larger size of the buildings themselves, and of the individual blocks used in them. But there were others, such as the more subtle and understanding use of materials. The older temples had been constructed entirely of rough, irregular blocks of hard, coralline limestone, weather-resisting, but intractable; from now on the use of the softer, Globigerina limestone for certain portions of the building opened new possibilities, especially for the adornment of interiors. The remarkable achievements in sculpture and relief-carving which have drawn so much admiration were not yet, but their beginnings are already discernible in the rather pleasing 'honeycomb' effect produced by pitting or drilling on certain slabs of the buildings of this period. Finely dressed slabs of this beautiful stone were used to make the internal walls of the new buildings, and a little later it was employed also for making the altars and niches which became an important part of the interior furnishings.

Two Phases of Artistic Achievement

The mention of elaborate altars and niches brings us to the last and culminating period of this strange civilisation, for they are characteristic of it. The amazing artistic and architectural achievements of this age are well known I shall merely add here that the new excavations suggest that it was of fairly long duration, and can be sub-divided into at least two distinct phases. To the earlier of these belongs one of the temples at Mnajdra and one at Tarxien. To the later, which perhaps some day we shall be able to sub-divide still further, belong the rest of the Tarxien complex, the finest parts of the underground temple-tomb of Hal Saflieni, a small temple by the sea called Bugibba, where an altar carved with fishes was found, and a number of other sites. It is a wonderful flowering and it constitutes the apogee of the native culture of Malta. All the evidence points to the sixteenth century B.C. as the time when it was reached, and

there are reasons which lead us to think of it as in some ways a reflection of the great trading expansion of the Mycenean civilisation of Greece.

As far as we can see, all the energies of this people went entirely into the service of the ancient and intricate cult of the islands. Can we, as a result of the new work, throw any fresh light on the nature of this strange religion? I think we can. It has long seemed obvious to many students that there was some connection between the form of the Maltese temples and that of some at least of the megalithic tombs to be found scattered over many other countries of western Europe. Many of these tombs feature a curved façade, which partially encloses a kind of forecourt in which religious rites in honour of the dead were celebrated. These rites probably involved a fertility goddess (representations of whom were often buried with the dead or depicted on the walls of the tomb), animal sacrifices, and libations. It was suggested that in Malta the whole of the building was gradually adapted to house an elaboration of these rites, to the exclusion of its original function of burial. Our excavations support this thesis. If we have not yet succeeded in finding an actual megalithic tomb here, at least those temples which have proved to be the earliest in the series are morphologically far closer to megalithic tombs than the later ones, which include all the largest and most widely known.

But what of the dead whose worship was still carried on in these fantastic structures? They seem to have been buried in rock-cut tombs, of which the most elaborate is that of Hal Saflieni, with its thousands of skeletons. The intimate connection between these and the temples is emphasised by the shattered remains of a megalithic building which were found at the entrance to the Hal Saflieni monument during the construction of a road in 1911. More of these rock-cut burial-places probably await discovery in the vicinity of the other megalithic temples. Such monuments are, however, extremely difficult to locate, and unless a new scientific technique can be developed, it seems that we are likely to be entirely dependent on chance for further revelations.

At the zenith of its splendour the civilisation of the temple-builders was suddenly, and probably tragically, terminated. Perhaps the agents of this destruction were the people whose cremated remains, along with their beads, pots, copper implements, and terra-cotta idols, were buried in the ruins of the once splendid Tarxien temples. Recent work has shown that they were related to those inhabitants of the Lipari islands who were importing Mycenean pottery during the sixteenth century B.C. Later on, in the fourteenth century B.C., other people came to Malta from Sicily and held the islands for several centuries. It is during their time that we find the only direct evidence for Mycenean contacts with Malta.

But, whatever their interest, these later centuries come as an anti-climax after the brilliant civilisation which went before. During this earliest period the Maltese islands had an importance which they did not again attain for many centuries, and their civilisation an individuality and uniqueness among its contemporaries which was only repeated during the time of the Knights of St. John. Naturally, therefore, it is the study of that civilisation which has absorbed the bulk of our efforts. And a very rewarding task it has been.—*Third Programme*

The Prism of Language

By STEPHEN ULLMANN

LANGUAGE is so much part of our lives that we seldom stop to think about it. We take it for granted that our words are mere passive tools, means of self-expression and of communication. But there is another way of looking at language. Words certainly are the vehicles of our thoughts, but they may be far more than that: they may acquire an influence of their own, shaping and pre-determining our processes of thinking and our whole outlook.

At first sight, this picture of language as an active force may seem strange and far-fetched. For most people, words are something purely external, the mere 'dress of thought', as Dr. Johnson put it; how could they influence the working of our minds? And yet some of our everyday experiences should warn us that language can play a more active part. When we translate from one idiom to another, our thoughts are apt to suffer a subtle transformation, a kind of sea-change; and if one tries to re-translate the text into the original, one is surprised to see how far it has moved from its starting point. The translator's task is even more complicated if the two languages belong to different civilisations; there can be no exact correspondence between the vocabulary of an Englishman and a Chinese.

The problem becomes almost insoluble when one has to translate from a civilised into an uncivilised language. We come up at once against a fundamental discrepancy between our own speech-habits and those of primitive races. Missionaries and others have noted, time and again, that these races have a multiplicity of concrete, specialised terms but are remarkably poor in generic ones. They would have, for example, separate names for each variety of tree, but no general word for 'tree' itself. Their verbs show the same pattern: there is no single term for the act of 'cutting' but a number of expressions for cutting various objects. In some cases the missionaries may have failed to elicit the right word, but the general tendency stands out clearly, and it also fits in with what we know about the history of our own languages.

How far does this affect the mental development of the individual native speaker? It means that he is born with a language which has no provision for general ideas, which does not help him in classifying his impressions and experiences. He could, no doubt, develop higher concepts of his own if the need arose, but this would cost him an effort which more fortunate speakers, born with a more differentiated linguistic equipment, need not make: the work has been done for them by their mother tongue, or rather by previous generations whose accumulated experience is deposited in the language.

It could be argued that the predominance of particular terms may be due not to faulty powers of abstraction but to biological necessity. The Lapps of the arctic regions have no general term for 'snow', only a number of special names for each state and form of it: snow is so important a factor in their lives that they have to specify its various aspects. The fact remains that they have failed to take the next step, that of subordinating these aspects to the higher concept of snow; and this failure has been perpetuated by their language. There is a curious form of reciprocity between language and thought: language reflects our thoughts but it also reacts upon them, by crystallising and preserving the picture of the world which they build up.

The savage with his over-concrete vocabulary has a strange parallel in the civilised speaker who has lost the full power of speech. Experiments on patients suffering from head wounds during and after the first world war have revealed some significant facts about the interaction of words and thought. Such injuries may affect any element of speech: elocution, grammar, comprehension, and even the very basis of language, the connection between words and their meanings. One of these patients was suffering from a rare condition: he had forgotten the names of colours. In some ways he behaved as if he were colour blind; yet his physical sense of colour was unimpaired. In one experiment he was faced with a number of coloured threads, all different in shade, and was asked to pick out those belonging to the same colour. But he found this task meaningless: to him, the various shades of green and blue were totally different as he had no term for, and therefore no concept of, 'greenness' or 'blueness' to which they could be subordinated. Language had classified the endless variety of colours into a few cardinal types; now that this key had been lost, the man-made order relapsed into chaos.

But we need not go to the Australian bushmen or to the nerve specialist to study the impact of language on thought. Our own languages contain ample evidence of the same influence. In each of them, the raw material of experience is analysed, docketed, and arranged in a unique way; every vocabulary embodies a scale of values and a philosophy of life. The concepts which it comprises have been elaborated and organised by preceding generations; the child assimilates them with the mother tongue and accepts them as the

natural way of viewing the world, though he may later on modify some detail in the light of his own experience. Even the impressions reaching us through our senses have to be sifted and organised by language; and each language will organise them in its own way. Take the problem of colours. To us, our own system of distinctions seems the only natural one; but in the spectrum itself there are no boundaries: each language can divide it into as many, or as few, sections as it chooses. When it was first realised that some of our shades of colour were absent from the Homeric epics, it was suggested that Homer must have been colour blind. Later on, the whole of classical antiquity was included in the same diagnosis. And, indeed, the Greeks and the Romans had a simpler system than ours. But neither the ancient nor the modern scheme can be held up as the only valid one: they are merely two of the many possible attempts at organising what nature had left unorganised.

Labelling Important Qualities

Our intellectual and moral concepts are even more language-bound than our vision of the physical world. Every community will single out and label those qualities which it considers important, whereas other features will remain unnamed and therefore undifferentiated. In medieval society, cleverness as such was not recognised as an independent quality; at the same time, courtly and non-courtly, chivalric and non-chivalric skill were systematically distinguished and provided with separate names. Once again, we see the reciprocity of relations between language and thought. The vocabulary reflects a certain hierarchy of values, but it also hardens it and hands it down to successive generations. Its action is essentially conservative; it is one of the most powerful factors building up traditions and ensuring continuity.

In some cases, even the presence or absence of a single word may be significant, though here we should beware of hasty and biased interpretation. Take the case of the German word *Schadenfreude*, 'malicious joy', which has no exact equivalent in English or French. Should one infer from this, as has been done, that Germans suffer more from this vice than do other nations? One could maintain with equal justification that they are more likely to be immune from it, as the very existence of the word puts them on their guard. Be that as it may, it is a fact that the young German is born with a linguistic medium where malicious joy is identified and given a name of its own, whereas elsewhere it remains in the limbo of anonymity.

Various analogies have been suggested to bring out the essential features of the influence of language on thought. Some thinkers are obsessed by a kind of linguistic claustrophobia: they conjure up a dramatic picture of man trapped between the walls of his mother tongue. It is perhaps more appropriate to visualise each language as a prism, unique in structure, through which we view the world and which refracts and analyses our experiences in its own particular way. This is seen most clearly in the vocabulary, but grammatical structure tells a similar story. The impact of grammatical conventions on the human mind is even more far-reaching than that of single words. Pronouns of address are an example in point. Most languages have two or more such pronouns, which will be used according to degree of intimacy, social status, and other factors. English, however, differs from the rest: since the elimination of 'thou' in the late Middle Ages, there is no possibility of choice. This may lead occasionally to awkward ambiguities, but the risk is more than offset by the amount of snobbery and arrogance, of inhibitions and inferiority complexes, which the English-speaking world has been spared thanks to this simple device.

Other grammatical features reach down to deeper layers of our consciousness. Even the experience of time has a linguistic dimension. Modern physics has taught us that time is relative, and this applies also to its grammatical expression. The number and nature of tense distinctions differs from one language to another; some idioms, especially the Slavonic ones, are actually less interested in time proper than in the complete or incomplete nature of a given action. The late Professor Entwistle has given an interesting analysis of this peculiarity:

> We are concerned with an attitude of mind in which the continuance or completion of some action is of more importance than its reference to past, present, or future time. This emphasis may be connected with the agricultural occupation of most Slavs as contrasted with the urban precision imposed on westerners. . . . The preference we westerners have for tense is probably due partly to the influence of European modes of life, which depend on the clock, and not, like the agricultural, on the completion of operations.

One may wonder whether recent industrial progress in the Slav world will result in some modification of their time scale. Meanwhile, the time-perspective of the mother tongue is bound to have an influence on the individual speaker's conception of time.

The characteristic features of a language may thus tell us a great deal about national psychology. Particularly instructive in this respect are the habitual patterns of word-order which determine the channels along which our thoughts will flow. The vast majority of English and French sentences are built on a rigid pattern: the sequence subject—verb—object, as in 'Peter sees Paul'. This sequence may be regarded as inherently logical: first, we state the subject of the utterance, that which we are talking about; then we say something about it; finally, we may add any further details required. There is little possibility of departing from this arrangement, as English and French words are uninflected and their position alone marks their role in the sentence. In inflected languages, such as German, there will be a wider margin, and the logical scheme may be superseded by emphasis and other considerations. There is also another significant difference. While English and French sentences proceed in a straight line, German syntax prefers elaborate constructions which have been described as 'incapsulating': they are like boxes fitted into one another. A prefix, for example, will be detached from its verb and relegated to the very end of the sentence; it is as if we said in English: 'An epidemic broke last year in England out'. This requires a certain amount of planning in which some people may detect a characteristic trait of the German mind. It would be idle to speculate as to which system is preferable: both involve some effort and discipline, though each in its own way.

Some modern thinkers are haunted by the fear that many philosophical problems are pseudo-problems generated by the structure of our languages. One often hears statements of this type: 'If Aristotle had spoken Chinese or Dacotan, he would have had to adopt an entirely different logic'. But it still has to be shown in detail how linguistic structure can influence philosophical structure. Other philosophers are more concerned with those features of language which may distort or confuse our thoughts. Abstractions have been singled out for special attention, and we are constantly warned against the habit of setting up our 'isms' and other abstract formations as real entities, and of assuming that where there is a label there must necessarily be some reality behind it. The very ease with which some languages, in particular German, are able to coin an unlimited number of abstract terms may thus become a potential danger to clear thinking.

Ambiguities are also denounced by the philosopher, though they may be deliberately contrived by the poet. Words with two or more meanings may not only give rise to misunderstandings; they may even create confusion in our thoughts. Proust once drew attention to the effects which the ambiguity of the French adjective *grand* may have on an unsophisticated mind. *Grand* can mean both physical and moral greatness: the Frenchman has only one word where the Englishman can choose between *big* and *great*. One of Proust's most entertaining characters, the maid Françoise, falls into the trap laid by language: she imagines that physical and moral greatness are somehow inseparable. The author likens her vocabulary to a stone which had here and there a flaw casting darkness into her very thoughts. In much the same way, a Swedish verb which may mean either 'to read' or 'to learn' has been held responsible for the widespread misconception that having read a passage means having learnt it.

A Means of Self-Discipline

Does everything I have been saying come down to this, that language is an inadequate medium of expression? Many writers and thinkers believe that it is, though few would agree with Plato's defeatist verdict: 'No intelligent man will ever be so bold as to put in language those things which his reason has contemplated'. Yet even the most intransigent critic of language will have to admit that it has some redeeming features. Our speech is not confined to the communication of facts and thoughts; we also talk to express our feelings, to arouse feelings in others, and to influence their behaviour. Clarity and precision are essential on the rational plane, but the emotive side of language will benefit by the suggestiveness of vague words with blurred outlines and rich overtones. At the same time, the very limitations of language are a challenge and a means of self-discipline: our thoughts become more articulate and more elegant by being forced into the moulds of a plastic and yet resistant medium.—*Third Programme*

The Hydrogen Bomb—IX

The Hydrogen Bomb and World Government

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

WORLD Government is at the present time no more than a Utopian ideal. Some people imagined that the United Nations organisation was going to be a kind of world government; but, to anybody who understands the meaning of the word 'government', it was obvious from the first that the United Nations organisation did not qualify. The essence of a government is that it should have some coercive power over those who resist its authority. Of this the United Nations organisation was deprived by the veto, except indeed in cases where no world government was necessary. The United Nations could prevent an unprovoked attack of Finland upon Russia, but not of Russia upon Finland. The exceptional case of the action of the United Nations in Korea was made possible only by the fact that Russia had briefly retired to sulk in isolation. Something much more drastic than the United Nations will be necessary if a genuine world government is ever to come into existence.

Radical Changes Necessary

Why, you may ask, should we trouble our heads now about something which certainly cannot be achieved until the world situation has been radically changed? The reason is that nothing short of such a radical change will give security against world war. I am not thinking at the moment only, or chiefly, of world war in the near future as a result of present tension. I am thinking of world war as a grim possibility overshadowing our future and making existence hectic and precarious. This or that international disagreement may be overcome by negotiation but, sooner or later, if nothing radical is done in the way of creating an international government, some state will be sufficiently reckless and sufficiently exasperated to risk a war.

Let us take an analogy: Suppose you had a large dump of high explosives open to the public and constantly traversed by persons with lighted cigarettes. You might put up notices warning them that instant death would be the penalty for dropping a lighted cigarette, and no doubt such notices would be effective for a time but, sooner or later, some careless person would forget, and disaster would ensue. This is exactly the state of the world while it contains hydrogen bombs and preserves unrestricted national sovereignty. Another world war can bring nothing but disaster to all the belligerents; there is no hope of anything deserving to be called victory for anybody. All governments know that this is the case. Even Malenkov has stated it emphatically. But I think there is undue optimism in supposing that this knowledge affords secure protection against war.

As Mr. Attlee pointed out in his broadcast on the hydrogen bomb, Hitler in his last days would almost certainly have been willing to destroy the human race rather than surrender, and he would have been able to do so if his tame physicists had been a little cleverer. I do not suggest that the Soviet Government is in this respect comparable to Hitler, for Hitler was mad and the rulers of the communist world have shown no signs of being so. But we cannot rely indefinitely upon the sanity of governments. There have been madmen in power in the past, who did as much harm as they could. There may be madmen in power in the future, and, if there are, they will be able to do immeasurably more harm than has been done by madmen hitherto. I do not think that the continued existence of the human race will be secure until large-scale wars have become impossible. And I do not think there is any way of making them impossible except a world government.

The powers of the world government should, of course, be limited to such as are necessary for the prevention of war. In all other respects, the independence of national states should be unimpaired. I think it would be found desirable that the units composing the world federation should themselves be large federations, such as the western hemisphere, the British Commonwealth, and the communist world. What is important is that the world federation should have a monopoly of armed force, except for such minor weapons as might be necessary for police action. If the international armed force is to be efficiently safeguarded against the danger of nationalistic mutiny, it will be necessary that each unit of the international force shall be mixed in composition, containing, for example, Americans, western Europeans, Russians, Chinese, and Indians. If this is not done, there will always be a risk of civil war.

Apart from a monopoly of armed force, what further powers would the world government need in order to safeguard the peace of the world? The first and most obvious is the control of treaties. No treaty between national states or federations of states should be valid unless sanctioned by the international authority, which should, moreover, have power to insist upon the revision of treaties that a lapse of time had made unduly onerous to either party.

In the event of a dispute between national states or between federations, the international government should automatically take cognizance of the dispute and should pronounce a decision by arbitration. If either party resisted the decision, the international government should impose its authority by whatever show of force might be necessary.

Delicate questions may arise with regard to population. At present, some Japanese consider that they ought to be permitted to dump millions of their surplus population in Papua. But no Australian will agree with this opinion. At present, some parts of the world are over populated, while others are not. The over-populated regions may be inclined to demand the right of immigration into the less-populated regions. But I do not think that the international government ought to interfere with the right of national states to make their own immigration laws. If it attempted to do so, it would arouse so fierce an opposition that it would become unable to perform its function as a preserver of peace.

I think the international government ought to have some say in the allocation of raw materials. I do not think that unrestricted private property in raw materials is justified, even when the private owner is a state.

If the international authority is to be secure against the surreptitious manufacture of atomic or hydrogen bombs by single nations or alliances of nations, there will be need of the kind of safeguards that were provided in the Baruch plan. That is to say, it will be necessary that all mining of fissionable material should be the monopoly of the international authority. It would have to have such powers of inspection as would enable it to know at an early stage if this monopoly was being infringed, and it would have to use all its power to punish such infraction if it occurred. Such measures might suffice for the near future, but scientific ingenuity in inventing methods of death will, I fear, not end with the invention of the hydrogen bomb. Bacteriological warfare is capable of a great and terrible future, and will be much more difficult to control by inspection than warfare depending upon hydrogen bombs.

Meeting New Emergencies

For such reasons, we must expect that the international government, once established, will have to widen the sphere of its activities to meet new emergencies. This almost always happens with federal governments. The Federal Government of the United States has gradually widened its scope in a manner which would have horrified its founders. I think, however, that there will be a limit to this process owing to a general change in the sentiments of mankind. When the world has grown used to secure peace, the notion of using private war as an instrument of policy will gradually become abhorrent, except to small and uninfluential minorities, and the invention of ways to destroy the human race will no longer win public approbation.

I do not venture to prophesy that a world government such as I have been contemplating will in fact be created. What I do say, and what I wish to say with all possible emphasis, is that the creation of such a government is the only long-run alternative to the extinction of the human race. It may be that men's anarchic passions are so strong as to lead them to prefer extinction to international control. I hope not, but I cannot feel wholly confident. I will not deny that the loss of liberty involved may be painful. In the Middle Ages, barons enjoyed a freedom of which they were gradually deprived by kings. The Wars of the Roses in England and the civil wars of the sixteenth century in France persuaded the English and French each to submit to a central authority

which was abhorrent to the feudal nobility. The same sort of process now needs to be carried into the international sphere. As the world becomes more crowded and more scientific, there is more and more need of restraining initiative by law, whether the initiative be that of private individuals or that of adventurous states. I do not deny that this involves a loss of some things which it is pleasant to read about. There is pleasure in contemplating the exploits of Alexander the Great or Sir Francis Drake, but in the crowded modern world anything at all analagous to such exploits does such immeasurable harm as to have become incompatible with everything else that we value.

Individual initiative, which is immensely to be prized, need not cease because it is prevented from taking destructive forms. The creative forms of individual enterprise in science and art and literature, in the technique of production, and in social organisation will all be able to flourish far more fully than at present in a world freed from the menace of total war. The freedom of undisciplined children may, to them, seem delightful, but it is not possible for grown-up people. Human society, as it emerges from childhood, must likewise put away childish things. It will not have done so until it submits to an international authority which will make total war no longer possible.—*European Service*

The Christian Pacifist View

By KATHLEEN LONSDALE

THREE hundred years ago, when the Royal Society was founded, no one was surprised to hear a scientist say publicly that he did his work to the glory of God. Now it is quite the other way round. Probably most scientists would admit that they are atheists or agnostics or just plain confused, although many of them would of course claim to be humanists.

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
> God said 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.
> It did not last. The Devil, howling 'Ho!
> Let Einstein be!' restored the status quo.

A few weeks ago I heard an eminent jurist say that the theory of relativity had profoundly affected the outlook of the modern lawyer. Einstein is in no way to blame for this, because it was admitted that, in fact, the scientific aspect of the theory was quite outside the range of interest of most lawyers, and it was only the word 'relativity' that they had lifted. Lawyers are not alone in this. Everything is said to be relative: what is wrong for me may be right for you; there is no such thing as absolute right, or if there is we cannot know it: there is no such thing as absolute good, we can only choose the lesser of two evils. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect' is either meaningless or a heresy, a counsel of perfection to be explained away. Pacifism, which for nearly three centuries was the orthodox practice of the early Christian Church, is now the faith only of a minority: eccentric, misguided, or select, according to your point of view.

New Thinking

Yet there never was a time perhaps when men, because of their very confusion, and because of the peril of the moment, needed more to set on one side their catchwords, their preconceived ideas, their prejudices, and to think out once more and more clearly, what they believe and how they should act.

I do not claim to know all the answers. I believe that I know some of them: and what I have to say now is offered not in a spirit of debate but as a contribution to the thought of others. I am speaking as a Christian pacifist, but my pacifism is not just a personal affair, and it is by no means passive. I believe that as a nation we should neither wage war nor prepare for war; but I am quite clear that disarmament alone is not a royal road to peace and world friendship. Even world disarmament would not be that. It would help to rid men of their present fear neuroses. It would help, because young people would no longer be trained to think of war as natural and almost inevitable. It would help, by putting to constructive use money, materials, and scientific ingenuity that is now being poured down the military drain. But it is not just a slick political solution of all our present dilemmas. All the same, I believe that from the political point of view it is now possible to make out a very powerful case indeed for a policy of active pacifism, beginning with total disarmament, unilateral if need be.

But we are an illogical people, and as soon as it has been proved that, for example, honesty is the best policy, we begin to wonder if it is not slightly immoral to be honest just because crime does not pay. Perhaps it would be, if we were honest only for that reason. But it is not illogical to believe that honesty must be the best policy, whether it makes us richer or poorer, if dishonesty is fundamentally wrong.

I passionately believe that because goodness, truth, justice, and mercy are not relative but absolute—the very attributes of God—therefore it must be not merely right but wisest and most sensible, politically as a community as well as personally as individuals, to see that our actions are in line with these principles. Pacifism, like Christianity, is not an insurance policy, it is a way of life. Yet just as it is not immoral but wise to remember that, in a very real sense, the wages of sin are often disease or death, so also it is expedient, in the best sense of that word, to consider whether the insoluble political dilemmas in which we find ourselves today may not be the result of sinning against the laws not only of nature but also of God. How differently in fact would we behave as a nation if we really did believe in a God of love? When therefore I mention politics—and I do not see how I can help it altogether—it will be, I hope, at that level.

It is generally agreed among all thinking people that war is evil: that it is contrary to the will of God. So are many other things: oppression, for instance, or slavery. It is also agreed, certainly among those who understand and who allow themselves to think about the nature of modern warfare, that a world war fought with the full fury of nuclear weapons, and whatever other horrors our military arsenals contain, would mean not only the death of many millions of people but the end of western civilisation as we know it. This is not scare-mongering, it is a plain, stark fact.

One must speak plainly like this because of two academic arguments that are often put forward, which seem to paralyse all action. The hydrogen bomb, it is said, is a terrible weapon, no doubt. But a weapon does not become more wrong because it is more destructive. The hydrogen bomb is only an arrow writ large, a thing with which one kills one's fellow men. In one sense this is true, and in another it is profoundly false. I do not believe it is possible to ban atomic weapons alone and it seems to me that from the point of view of practical politics the only alternative to an arms race is an equally thorough-going disarmament: but there is a case against hydrogen bombs, as such, which applies in part to all modern weapons of mass destruction: and it is fourfold.

First, they are impersonal. All fighting men have, and must have many fine qualities. But there is something peculiarly horrible about the modern press-button warfare that allows or commands one man to kill millions of others, whom he will never see; that makes a God out of a scientist in a laboratory; that enables lads at school to be told that if they join the boys' battalions they will learn a trade and see the world, but never mentions dead and rotting bodies. Morally this involves a suppression of imagination, a callousness which makes us something less than human, certainly less than civilised.

Indiscriminate Killing

Secondly, these weapons are indiscriminate. It may be true that an atomic bomb could be used very effectively against a submarine base, but in fact they were first used on towns because their psychological effect is, from a military point of view, one of their principal merits. We have gone back full circle to the days when bloodthirsty warriors would smite a town, leaving neither man nor woman alive in it.

Thirdly, hydrogen bombs tremendously overshoot any possible military target. It might be argued that a munitions factory, a railway depot in wartime, or an aircraft carrier is a target which by its very nature invites destruction, and that people working at these places are

involved in the risks of their trade. But this is a weapon that destroys not only one particular building but everything for ten miles round it and which spreads fire and radiation over an even greater area. Nor is it a natural event, such as an earthquake or a hurricane, which we cannot avert; it is not something quite inevitable, like death, which each of us must one day face. It is a calamity for which we ourselves must bear the responsibility if it occurs.

Fourthly, the consequences of such weapons are incalculable. The maximum blast effect can be estimated but we do not yet know what effects nuclear bombs, if used on a large scale, would have in initiating new mass diseases, in producing mutations, in widespread contamination of water and vegetation. If Jesus rebuked his disciples for wondering whether they should call down fire from heaven upon hostile villagers, what manner of spirit would he have thought it that makes present-day Christians able to call reliance on such weapons 'the lesser of two evils?'

A 'Just' War

And that brings me to the second argument. It is clear, now, that in a physical sense atomic war can never be the lesser of two evils, nor could it ever be likened to some vast police action in defence of the law or in protection of the weak. The classical concept of a 'just war' postulates that the injuries to be anticipated from the war must not outweigh the injustices which have been or may be endured. The most defenceless nation, aggressively attacked because of its wealth, or its strategic position, or a desire to impose some political or economic system upon its people, could not possibly suffer the physical injuries that participation in an atomic war would involve. It would not even be to the aggressor's interest to damage the victim to such an extent.

But would it not be better to endure the horrors of an atomic war rather than to have to watch the suppression of democracy, the imposition of thought control, the teaching of atheism and contempt of Christian virtues to our children? Ought we not to fight for our ideals, even if our civilisation disappears in the process? I believe that such arguments rest on a profound error of judgement, as well as on a deep-seated lack of belief in the ideals which we cherish. The error is to suppose that ideals are precious in the sense that when they are in danger they must be put into storage and not used. I am not a theologian, to argue about the distinction between Church and State. It just seems to me abundantly clear that if ideals are worth having then they must be practised in public as well as in private life: that we must hold to them as a nation even if, and perhaps most firmly if, those around us reject them. We must meet hatred with friendship, deceit with sincerity, lies with truth, greed with generosity, evil with uprightness, not because it is our only hope but because it is unthinkable that we should do otherwise. This does not mean lying down to be walked over, in the hope that something can be retrieved from the wreck. It does not mean ignoring the fact of human sinfulness or supposing that evil men automatically respond to the power of defenceless charity. Jesus Christ was not a coward and He was no shallow optimist.

But if we wait until the world is Christian before we behave like Christians ourselves, then we shall wait for ever. If we go on teaching our young people that in order to preserve freedom, truth, justice, and mercy we must have conscription and security measures, we must have secret agents whose job is to live a lie, we must train boys in half-a-dozen ways of killing a man with their bare hands, and must develop and perhaps use weapons that are more horrible than anything that we could have imagined, then it seems to me that we are going the most effective way to make sure that the next generation loses these ideals and becomes cynical or turns to communism as a religion that does at least live up to its philosophy.

It is not easy to hold to ideals when others do not. Particularly so when it seems to mean that we leave others to suffer. But we are leaving others to suffer whom we could help, here and now, if we were not spending thousands of millions of pounds a year on armaments. To take only one example, there are 1,000,000 people blind from preventable disease in the British Commonwealth alone. Have we no concern for them? We need to think out more clearly, I believe, this problem of our responsibility towards our fellow men. Oppression is indeed a great wrong, but the surest way to end oppression is to change the heart of the oppressor. War perpetuates oppression, for although it may get rid of one oppressor, it breeds others. War now means slavery, starvation, torture, refugees, displaced persons. Is this the way to right wrongs? When shall we, as Christians, learn the lesson that Christ died to teach us: that the only way of overcoming evil is through the redemptive power of Divine grace and human example, both expressed in willingness to suffer, if need be, rather than to impose or to do wrong. If we really care for those whom other nations ill-treat, the right way is to offer them a home whatever the risk, cost, or discomfort involved to ourselves.

What I find particularly surprising is the fact that so many Christians do actually believe that communist anti-God propaganda is more powerful than the voice of God in men's hearts. Recently I was sent a copy of a new anti-communist periodical, in which there was a critical article about religion behind the Iron Curtain. The argument was that although it is true that some of the churches are allowed to remain open and that they are packed for divine service, yet this is only tolerated because Marxist-Leninism asserts that in a socialist state religion is bound to wither away. The writer went on to add warningly: 'Time is on the side of the communists'. Is it? Then whose side is God on? Time is not against God, it is with Him. I am certain that no matter how well conditioned a generation may be against religion, God breaks through, and that if we abandon Christian ideals in order to help Him, we are in fact hindering. I have enough faith in young people to believe that if we, as a nation, offered them instead of military training constructive and reconciling service at home or abroad they would do it, and would do it the more cheerfully and readily because they would see the sense of it.

But how can we do that as long as we are engaged in a cold war, and our official policy is peace through strength? I know that many good people despairingly feel that threats of retaliation in kind are now our only defence. I do not believe that they are a defence at all, and I think that from a purely political point of view our present policy is a hideously risky one. But more than that, I believe that it is wrong. Christians can offer no guarantee of physical security. Christ never gave his disciples that. There is no guarantee of physical security anywhere today. But since we must take risks, is it not better to gamble on the unconquerable power of love than on the deterrent effect of threatened horrors?

Looking back into our own past as a nation, we are amazed at some of the things our forbears did, apparently without realising that they were wrong. They kidnapped Africans and kept them as slaves; they bought and sold children and worked them like animals. They chained up the mentally sick as if they were wild beasts and hanged hungry men and women for stealing bread for their children. Christian politicians, decent men, defended this behaviour because it was supposed to be necessary for the preservation of our civilised society. It was not until people became sufficiently convinced that these actions were sinful that they realised that they were not necessary, and could not be necessary. Then, and only then, they found the ways of getting rid of those evils which previously they had tolerated, and of avoiding those errors which hitherto they had justified.

I do not know the answers to all the problems that a nation would have to face that determined not to prepare for war any more. But we shall find the answers to these problems only when we are so convinced that hatred, suspicion, contempt, greed, and murder, both between nations and within nations, are wrong, that we determine to have no more of them, whatever others may do. This is no time for pessimism or apathy. The Eternal Goodness is challenging us all.

—*Third Programme*

[The first of Sir Llewellyn Woodward's talks on the hydrogen bomb will be published in THE LISTENER next week]

City Pigeons

Heavy the opal rose-green tame
Pigeons, that seem, for all their flame's
Encumbered flickering, as bound
Stem-linked as flowers to the green ground,

Or sessile in the city's mown
Precincts as grave or building stone.
Heavy they rise when feet fall near them
And strange it seems that space will bear them,

And strange that flight is their condition
Like men who own pride and ambition—
These kin to lilac flower falls
And stones that form the roots of walls.

E. J. SCOVELL (*Third Programme*)

NEWS DIARY

July 14—20

Wednesday, July 14

Commons debate foreign affairs. Prime Minister makes statement about Germany and E.D.C.

The Foreign Ministers of France, Britain, and the United States conclude meeting in Paris. Mr. Eden returns to Geneva and sees Mr. Molotov

Thursday, July 15

On his return to Washington Mr. Dulles says that a more complete understanding on Indo-China has been reached as a result of the meeting in Paris

French Resident-General in Tunisia strengthens measures to preserve public order

Ministry of Materials to be wound up and remaining functions to be taken over by Board of Trade

Friday, July 16

Mr. Eden, Mr. Molotov, and M. Mendès-France meet in Geneva to discuss cease-fire in Indo-China

French Union troops launch attacks to relieve pressure on Hanoi

Big Nato exercise opens in English Channel

Saturday, July 17

M. Mendès-France broadcasts to French people from Geneva

Dr. Heuss is re-elected President of the Federal German Republic

Heavy gales damage crops in southern England

Sunday, July 18

A private session of conference is held in Geneva. Viet-Namese representative protests against proposal to 'partition' Indo-China

Persia informs the Soviet Union that she reserves the right to join any regional defence pact to preserve her independence

Monday, July 19

Composition of armistice supervisory commission for Indo-China is agreed at Geneva

Prototype of Comet Mark III has successful trial flight

Unofficial strike of coke-oven workers in Wales is ended

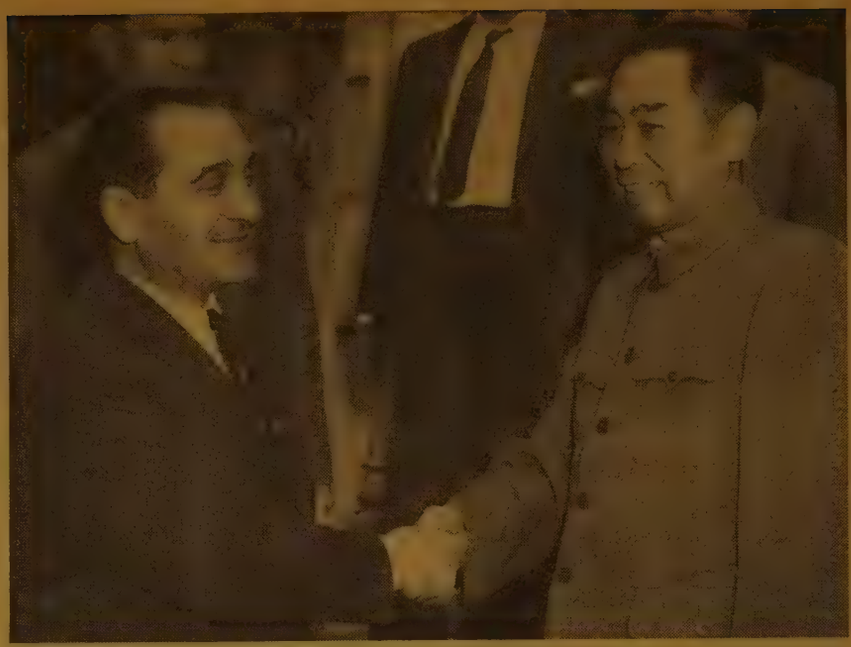
Tuesday, July 20

General agreement reached at Geneva on ending war in Indo-China

The Minister of Agriculture resigns after opening debate on Crichel Down sale

Committee of Enquiry reports on question of developing Gatwick as a major airport

Mr. Cohn, assistant to Senator McCarthy, resigns from Senate sub-committee



The leading delegates to the conference on Indo-China at Geneva spent last week holding private discussions among themselves which have resulted in an agreement for an armistice. A photograph taken when Mr. Chou En-lai, China's Foreign Minister, called on M. Mendès-France last Saturday

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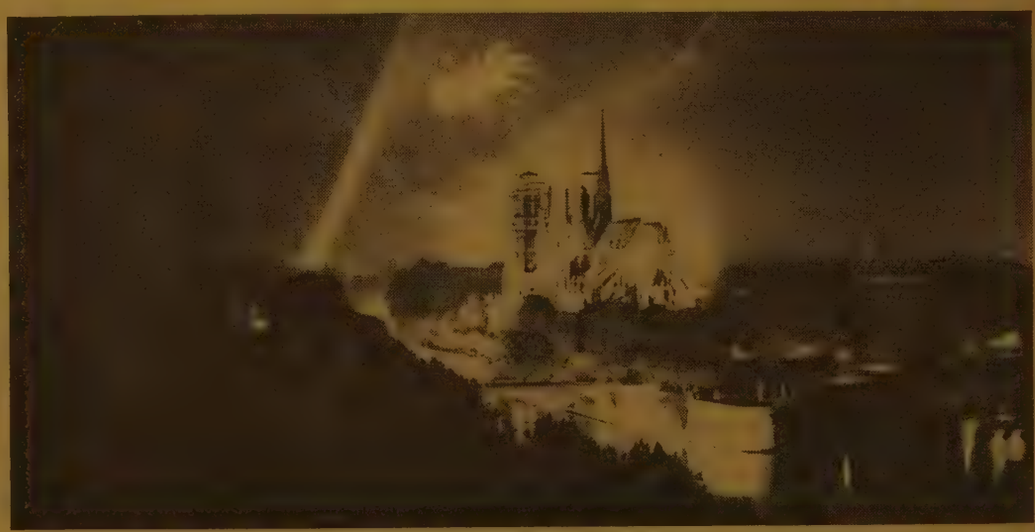


Fireworks bursting over flood-lit Notre Dame, a climax to the Bastille Day celebrations in Paris on July 14

The scene in Hyde Park on July 14 as the Queen reviewed a parade of about 10,000 men and women draw from the police forces of the United Kingdom

discussions on the Suez Canal Zone were resumed recently in
ograph shows (left to right) Major Salem, Egyptian Minister of
ce, Colonel Nasser, Egyptian Prime Minister, and Sir Ralph
ritish Ambassador, after their third informal meeting on July 15
Major-General Benson, Chief-of-Staff, Middle East Land Forces

A view of the Austrian town of Linz early last week when the rising flood waters in the Danube Valley forced thousands of people to evacuate their homes. Last week-end the peak of the floods passed into Hungary and workers were being mobilised to strengthen the flood defences at Budapest

izalez of Argentina who won the British
Prix at Silverstone last Saturday in a
He covered the course of 270 miles at an
average speed of 89.69 miles an hour

Diane Leather breasting the tape at the finish of the 3 x 880 yards relay race run at White City last Saturday by a British women's team in the world record time of 6 minutes, 46 seconds

The fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of Liverpool Cathedral was marked by three special services last Sunday. This photograph of the choir was taken from the corona gallery. When completed the cathedral will be the largest in the country

Left: the winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley on Saturday, Major G. E. Twine, being chaired after his victory. His total was 278 points out of a possible 300

A Refusal to Look

ANTHONY QUINTON on the post-war novel and reality

OUR national vice is supposed to be hypocrisy. This is a moral failing. The corresponding defect of the intellect is an inadequate sense of reality. Where the hypocrite pretends, the unrealist just does not know. So unrealism is not culpable; at worst it is an unconscious form of dishonesty. I would suggest that our supposed unwillingness to face facts, our somehow self-imposed ignorance, is falsely located if it is described as hypocrisy. For it is not so much that there is a straightforward difference between our professions and beliefs as that we do not realise and take account of what we ought to realise.

At the very simplest level this is shown by our attitude to our physical surroundings. We behave as if we lived in a country where the temperature never drops below freezing point for more than a few hours. And we are profoundly outraged when frost continues, as it so often does, for days or weeks on end. Our draughty houses, unprovided with central heating and festooned with exterior plumbing, are the appropriate places for people with such beliefs to inhabit. Again, few people seem effectively to realise that less than one-fifth of the population lives in the country.

'Bolt-hole' of Anti-Americanism

Consider, at a rather more serious level, the anti-Americanism which serves so many supposedly critical and intelligent people as an attitude to current international politics. Anti-Americanism can at least to some extent be decently rationalised, but often it is not McCarthy that is attacked but the American culture which he is taken to represent, a culture that is uniformly identified with its meanest products. But just as damaging a case could be made against our own culture if this were held to consist simply of the cheaper Sunday papers, Coronation mugs, potato crisps, and the glutinous patriotism of the newsreels. Anti-Americanism, like anti-Semitism, is a bolt-hole into which one can escape from the dismal business of assessing one's own deficiencies.

Yet this is not just hypocrisy, any more than the view, supposedly widespread in the depression, that the unemployed were simply unemployable. Only an arrogant and unsympathetic rationalism fails to distinguish between facts which are deliberately concealed and facts which it is too painful to believe. But if indignation is out of place, criticism is not. Futility is the fate of a society whose sense of reality is defective.

If we depend on journalists for our views about politics, it is primarily to novelists that we must look for an understanding that transcends the limits of private experience of the personal morality and social life of our time. Yet the novels of the last decade have been singularly ineffective as purveyors of contemporary moral and social reality. They have made as poor an adjustment to the changes of the past twenty years as most writers on politics. Change is inescapable but change for the worse puts a special charge on our power of conforming with it. And the change for the worse I am talking about is not merely the conventional decline in the standard of living of the middle class. It is rather the more or less unacknowledged social redundancy of large sections of this class and its attendant moral dilemmas that constitute the analogue on the level of personal life of this country's international decline. The public relations officers who once would have gone into the Indian civil service, the elderly spinster daughters of clergymen who will have no successors in the private hotels of Southsea, the retired majors working as cooks in preparatory schools, all these testify to a social upheaval which finds no place in the unreal picture of English life that novelists so often rely on and that we all too readily accept from them.

Reminiscence is a popular therapy for present discontents. Many novelists, particularly those with established reputations, have had recourse to this uncomplicated tactic. During the war it was perhaps natural that some of the best novels should have been about childhood —L. P. Hartley's *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, and Rosamond Lehmann's *The Ballad and the Source*, for example. Normal peace-time adult life seemed trivial and unimportant when set against the uprooting experience of war. But those directly exposed to this experience were in no position to write about it.

Childhood, on the other hand, has a more universal validity; its problems and situations are relatively indifferent to historical circumstance. But this retrospective posture has survived the conditions that gave rise to it. It is as if novelists had come to think of immediate experience as necessarily unmanageable. The war itself, indeed, has come to be invested with a certain unearthly remoteness, a regimental get-together quality, in such books as Evelyn Waugh's *Men at Arms* and Christopher Sykes' much more interesting *Song of a Shirt*. The war-time scenes at the beginning and end of *Brideshead Revisited* had a more actual flavour, but since that time the experience of war-time has undergone a kind of masculine falsification in Waugh's writing, the analogue on the level of literature of the spate of jolly but imaginative unengaging works about escape from prison camps. Almost the only novel about the war of real literary power is the late Dan Billany's book, written as a prisoner of war, *The Trap*. Here the material is still raw, it has not been organised out of recognition, distorted by nostalgia and forgetfulness. The contrast of family and camp life, the experiences of battle and capture are recorded from inside in all their immediacy. But most novelists writing about the war have failed to extricate themselves imaginatively from the comfortable vantage-point of civilian life.

This retrospectiveness, this repudiation of the immediate, has, I have said, become widespread, especially among novelists with established reputations. *Brideshead Revisited* combines a sentimental evocation of life at Oxford with a straight-faced rehearsal of the central figure's exploits as a social climber, and in *Helena*, by an extraordinary feat of historical superimposition, a martyred saint of A.D. 300 is presented as a gymkhana girl frightfully keen on her daddy. This is a depressing descent from the bitter accuracy of Waugh's finest book, *A Handful of Dust*, which, published in 1934, made out his claim for the most serious consideration. Compare again Anthony Powell's two post-war books with *Afternoon Men* or *What's Become Of Waring*. Whipcord has been transformed into wool; it is as if a world once seen under a brilliant, penetrating light were now viewed through a mass of gently undulating tinted water. And a change of style has accompanied the change of perspective; short biting sentences have given way to a Jamesian prevarication.

Another example is Patrick Hamilton. In 1938 he gave in *Hangover Square* a marvellous picture of a palpable but hitherto never so convincingly recorded world, that of men working on commission driving their second-hand cars out to road-houses on the Great West Road. Since the war, in his two novels about Ernest Gorse, he has restricted himself to glossing a 'Notable British Trial', to recording the history of the kind of murderer the study of whose doings is a major Sunday recreation. The technical mastery of detail remains but seems to fulfil only an antiquarian purpose, the period furnishing is evoked for its own sake, it is not integral to Gorse's career in the way that George Harvey Bone's environment was integral to his. To mention just a few more cases: William Plomer's first novel for many years, *Museum Pieces*, L. P. Hartley's *Sixth Heaven*, and, on a very different level, the embarrassing and popular novels of Nancy Mitford are all more or less nostalgic reversions.

Placidity in Success

There is, of course, a good reason why established and successful writers should increasingly write about the period of their youth. Success tends to involve living in a more or less placid and uninteresting environment. It is at least a partial prevention of the type of conflict from which the need to write may arise. So retrospectiveness can be seen as a response to the poverty of experience. But this is to underrate the seriousness of the novelist's motivation. Hardy, successful, retires to a brick villa on the outskirts of Dorchester. But this does not extinguish his sensitiveness to the moral experience of his time. Receptiveness to the quality of life does not stand and fall with poverty and obscurity.

I am not suggesting that novelists should never write about the past;

simply that they should not allow it to exclude the present. The sinister feature of the between-wars epoch as it is now used by novelists is its improbably prelapsarian quality: it is a golden age, Saturn's kingdom. A serious novel as a narrative of morally significant experience has as its essence free and responsible human action, choice or failure to choose between important, emotionally engaging, alternatives. Consider the marriages of Lydgate and Isabel Archer, the flight from home of Stephen Dedalus. What the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties present to the nostalgic eye is what is brought out by contrast with the present—unanxious leisure, freedom of movement. All the moral significance has leaked away. In such a book as Isherwood's *All the Conspirators* the easy-going *rentier* environment and the moral problem of emancipation from the family are things which, in the past twenty years, have changed out of recognition. The charm of the setting denatures the problem; retrospectively viewed it becomes quaint, a curiosity, is degraded to the level of a small emotional aberration.

The Conventional Detective Story

Preoccupation with the past is only one aspect of the anachronistic character of much present-day fiction. This is more tellingly displayed in novels which are ostensibly about the present day. This point is perhaps best approached by way of travesty. Consider the conventional English detective story. The setting is a large country house in a supposedly typical English village; there are numerous reception rooms and a complex geometry of servants' quarters (requiring a diagram); outside are summer houses, a rose garden, topiary work, and a ha-ha. A long avenue of beeches leads to the main road. The human apparatus is sharply divided into real people, including the private detective, and village people, including the police. Everyone has all the time in the world.

This stereotyped convention is only a simpler form of the legendary picture of English life with which many seriously intentioned novelists work. L. P. Hartley, in his wonderful book *The Boat*, ironically deploys his characters against just such a background. It is a perfect context for the development of his fable, his demonstration of the inadequacy of good intentions unfortified by understanding and knowledge. *The Boat* is a triumph over the stereotype, the novelist has bent it to his own purposes. More usually it is an obstacle rather than a vantage point, an unfortunate relic of Aldous Huxley's Peacockian conversation pieces. The fact is that being able to ring for the butler is now part of hardly anybody's experience.

So it is an immense relief to come across South African sherry and the exigencies of washing-up in Thomas Hinde's *Mr. Nicholas* after, say, the baronial splendours of Hugo Charteris' *A Share of the World*. Again, while many people drag themselves off for a fortnight of sunburn and expense in the south of France, drifting around the shores of the Mediterranean for prolonged periods at a time, as in William Sansom's *Bed of Roses*, is not a common, indeed is scarcely an imaginable, form of life. With these unreal settings is associated appropriately unreal human equipment—comic and unreliable working people or comic and unreliable foreigners. For all its linguistic and educational reinforcement the rigid class-stratification of English society is dissolving, but the fact is hardly noticed in most contemporary novels. The criticism that Hartley's *My Fellow Devils* received provides an example of this failure of observation. Critics commented favourably on the expensive film-making environment of Colum but congratulated the author on his success in rendering the heroine's wealthy suburban background. If anything the boot is on the other foot: if Colum's natural habitat was rather faintly sketched in, Margaret's is an anachronism.

But these are peripheral considerations: what is more important is unrealism about persons and about moral issues. English fiction is still cumbered with the progeny of Pontifex and Dedalus, sensitive young men and women thirsting for emancipation from parents, the old school, or the old country. An extreme but almost chemically perfect example is provided by Christopher in Charteris' *A Share of the World*. Christopher drinks too much, seldom comes to visit his parents and when he does come creates terrible scenes. No reason whatever is suggested for his desperate and agonised behaviour. Yet his creator treats this tiresome ninny's dark night of the soul with the greatest reverence. His condition is, of course, simple literary mannerism. This example comes, not from any piece of evidence handy for my argument but from one of the very best first novels of the last few years.

It can be reinforced by further evidence from a perhaps unexpected quarter. John Wain's *Hurry on Down* and Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* might appear, and have indeed been welcomed, as signs of a new, more contemporary style of novel writing. Yet their heroes are only Pontifex and Dedalus again, but with a regional accent now and patched trousers. Wain's hero makes a juvenile flight from his home and his family's expectations into an attempt to lose himself in the warm abyss of proletarian life. After a series of amusing experiences he winds up as a script writer for commercial television. He solves his problem by ceasing to be the sort of person for whom the question 'How should I live?' makes any sense.

If it is not altogether clear to what extent Wain is prepared to approve of this drastic solution, there seems to be no doubt that Kingsley Amis underwrites the similar method by which his hero copes with his difficulties. Lucky Jim Dixon joyously abandons his job as a university teacher to become a business man's receptionist at £500 a year. Now this comical nihilism, that says, 'if the way to live eludes you don't try to look for it, just creep into the softest hole you can find', is no doubt a new answer, but it is an old problem and, in the form in which they attack it, a non-existent one. The problem of Jim Dixon's generation is not to work out a way of living against the forces exerted by the older, established generation in seeking to make us live up to their expectations; it is rather to work out a way of living in the face of their kindly indifference. After two wars they are morally in retreat. The context, then, in which our crucial decisions are made is not that of the dead hand of an older generation but rather of what I have called the social redundancy of the middle class.

Let me suggest one way in which this social redundancy expresses itself. It is common enough knowledge that middle-class standards of financial honesty have sharply declined since 1939. Tax evasion and currency fiddling are at once practised and regretted. Unlike swindling the customs in a small way and the former black market in eggs, they are not regarded as merely trivial by any but their most corrupt practitioners. Claims to privilege, the feeling that privilege is justified, consort uncomfortably with this sickness of conscience. Here is an aspect of contemporary life which novelists have hardly touched. Yet there is more to it than there is to the melodramas of treason and adultery with which we have lately been regaled by some of our most highly regarded novelists—Elizabeth Bowen, Nigel Balchin, Graham Greene. Graham Greene, for example, manages to give adultery an inflated and spurious significance by depicting the Roman Catholic church as a materialised, ecclesiastically ornamented, form of its prohibition. The somewhat apocalyptic character of recent history has made impossible the easy rationalism of the first part of the century and a genuine contemporary problem is the longing for and yet reluctance to accept the consolations of religion. But to trace this longing to guilt about sexual misconduct is to give that misconduct a contemporary significance to which it has no real claim.

Treason and adultery are timeless problems or, at least, as long-lived as the institutions that gave rise to them. I have not wanted to suggest that they should be abandoned as subjects and that only purely and specifically contemporary problems be considered. My protest has been rather at the concern of novelists with environments, personalities, and situations that were contemporary twenty and more years ago but which are now merely literary survivals.

Three Outstanding Novels

Let me finish in a less carping way, first by pointing out that I have tried to make my case by reference to novels which are both in intention and achievement worthy of consideration, and, second, by mentioning three novels which are conspicuously free from the defects on which I have been harping. These are Emyr Humphrey's *Hear and Forgive*, Olivia Manning's *A Different Face*, and J. D. Scott's *The Way to Glory*. Even if all specific indications of date were removed from them one could not think of them as relating to any time but the present. In each the central moral issue is not one of emancipation but of engagement, not the repudiation of ties but the search for responsibility or justification. As such they provide a practical criterion by means of which the anachronism and unreality of much contemporary fiction can be measured.—*Third Programme*

The summer number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television* contains the third part of the series on 'Shakespeare in the Mass Media', an article on educational television by Henry R. Cassirer, and an article on Mexico's Rural Radio by Marvin Alisky. The *Quarterly* is published by the University of California Press (price 9s. 6d.) and the agents for Great Britain and Northern Ireland are the Cambridge University Press.

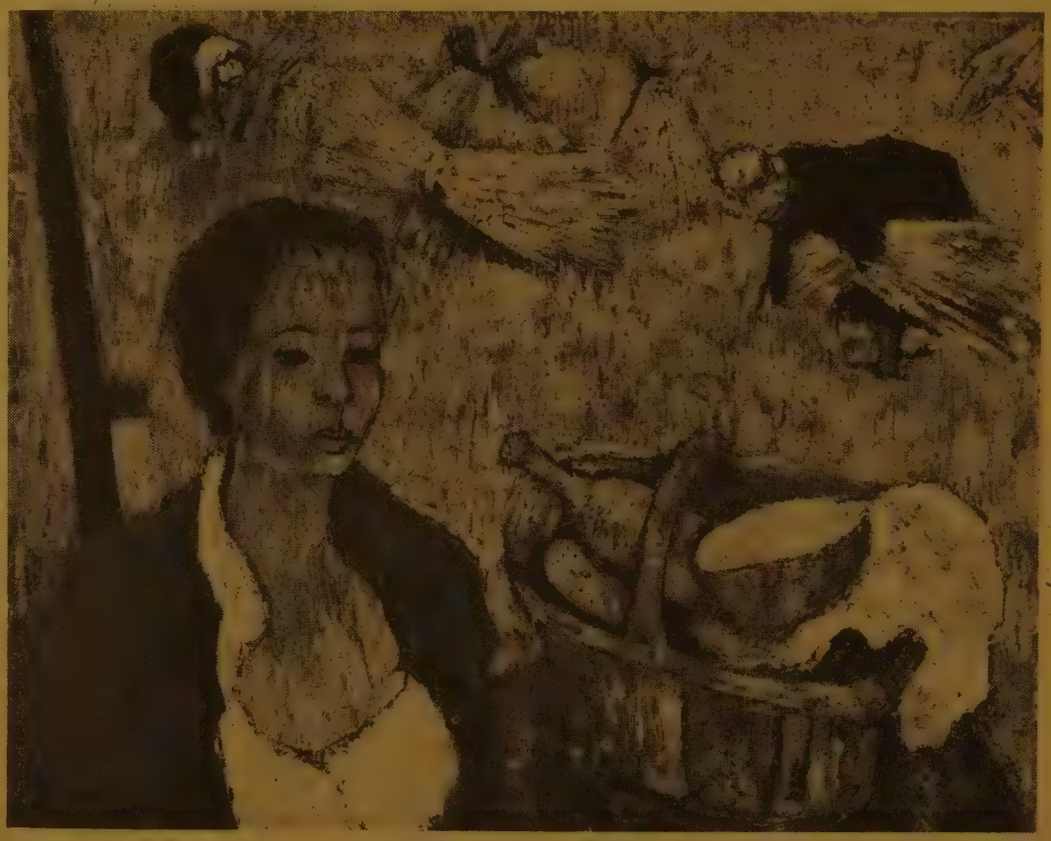
Art

Young Painters in Paris

By QUENTIN BELL

TO spend a week in Paris, to visit a few galleries, dealers' shops and studios and then to return with a supposedly authoritative and supposedly complete description of what is happening amongst the young French painters, is no doubt in accordance with the most spirited traditions of modern journalism. It is not, however, quite fair to a public which expects some degree of fidelity, even from its art critics. Let me therefore admit that this is not a survey but a report—the hazardous tip of one who has poked his nose into the Parisian stables and believes that he can give you some winners. It is proper to recollect that there are about 50,000 painters in France—I have this figure from the Musée de l'Art Moderne—and I did not see all their paintings.

Nevertheless, most of the 50,000 seemed to be exhibiting upon the walls of the Grand Palais and most, as is to be expected in an exhibition of the Salon des Indépendants, were pretty bad. But there is one room fit to engage the attentive admiration of the visitor and to fill his breast with high hopes for the future of French painting. Here is the work of the young, most of whom have come to maturity since the war. This room is to be found amongst those labelled 'Salles des Expressionistes'. The term is somewhat misleading, for the word 'Expressionist' suggests, to English ears at all events, that kind of tense teutonic painting in which every brush stroke seems charged with dyspeptic anxiety and histrionic emotion. These French painters are not, for the most part, very gay; there is a note of gloom in much of their work, but their melancholy is unforced and their mood is elegiac rather than violent.



'The Harvest', by André Minaux

By courtesy of Adams Brothers

Lorjou, with a vast cartoon much influenced by Goya and referring in an inscrutable fashion to the Abbé Pierre, is exceptional in attempting a dramatic effect. Roger Montané, on the other hand, is alone in his unashamedly sensual delight in that which is gay and pleasing; he is not elegant; but he seeks to convey the solidity of his heavy-footed workers and his placid, voluminous girls with the palette of an impressionist, and his inspiration has been the light of Venice and of Amsterdam. The paintings of Bellias, Guerrier, Vinay, Sebire, and Rapp are characterised by a sad, but sometimes very beautiful, sobriety of colour. All these artists show a serious approach to nature, an admirable gravity of purpose. It may help English readers who wish to gain a more precise notion of what this group—if group it may be called—is like, if I add that it has something in common with Reyberolle, more with Buffet, and that Minaux may perhaps be described as its leader.

I will not attempt any kind of detailed description of these artists. Let it suffice to say that Jean Vinay paints melancholy, firmly drawn townscapes rather in the manner of Guerrier; that Richard Bellias is the most pleasing and the most charming of these painters—which does not mean that he is the least talented; that Gaston Sebire is bold in his management of space and has something of the Euston Road in his treatment of colour; and that Ginette Rapp combines the romantic despair of extreme youth with a strength and solidity beyond her years and unusual in her sex. Some of these artists are no doubt already familiar to readers of THE LISTENER, others, I hope and believe, will become so when their works are shown in London. It will then be time enough to attempt to do them justice.

It is the general tendency—I do not think that there is anything in the nature of a common aesthetic doctrine—which is so interesting and so heartening. For these young and gifted painters are united in their devotion to a figurative mode of painting, an objective—though not a strictly perceptual—interpretation of nature which, though it is sometimes highly charged with personal meaning, is by no means undisciplined. Theirs is a mode of painting which owes much to Courbet and to the Fauves but which has its own angularities and asperities, its own proper disdain for mere prettiness or mere sensationalism, its own peculiar range of emotional and pictorial undertones. No doubt it has its own dangers as well; it could be reduced to formulae or, by losing its balance, become expressionist in the most deplorable sense of the word.

But so far these painters seem to me finely to embody a wholly admirable and long overdue reaction. They have reacted against the frenzy that has beset French art for a generation, against the pernicious belief that a painter, like a milliner, must at all costs follow the fashion, that it is sufficient to be *avant garde*, to 'keep up with the Picassos', to shout, to gesticulate, to shock, to tinker with plastics or plywood or neoteric claptrap in order to achieve originality. It has taken a long time for the young to realise that there is nothing so futile, nor indeed so old-fashioned, as a battle upon the barricades of a bygone revolution; in this the French have been slower than the British. It would seem that they are now making up for lost time and we may hope that the painters of both countries—all except a few incurably nostalgic romantics—will return to their true business, which is, not attitudinising, but painting.

This may be thought a very one-sided and very reactionary article. It is certainly reactionary—but in the present state of the arts I think reaction a duty. For the rest, this is, as I have said, a tipster's report. I have it from the horse's mouth. It may be said that my translation has been rather free and that there are other stables. I can only reply that I believe that you will find my selection hard to beat.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of July 1 you quote Dr. Bronowski as stating, '. . . the scientist has a duty to himself, which demands that his work shall not only be useful, but shall conform to his sense of human fulfilment and dignity'. Later on he states, 'I believe that nations can choose wisely . . . if scientists are willing to become teachers to them'.

Dr. Bronowski should choose his words more carefully if he wishes them to be taken as seriously as his title leads one to expect. Contrary to what he states, the pure scientist is not primarily concerned whether his work is 'useful' or not (whatever that may mean), but whether it helps to answer his curiosity about the universe around him. Nor should his work only conform to his sense of fulfilment and dignity, but also be in keeping with this sense in the community as a whole. The inhuman experiments by nazi scientists on concentration camp inmates were specifically designed as 'useful' experiments, and presumably conformed to their originators' ideas of human fulfilment and dignity, yet I cannot believe that Dr. Bronowski intended his definition to cover such examples.

The initial part of my quotation from Dr. Bronowski can, however, be said to apply to the applied scientist, who is paid to do specific work for a specific object. If this is what the speaker meant, I suggest that he should have said so to avoid adding to an already confused subject. The pure scientist works only to satisfy his curiosity; it is the applied scientist who has the ethical problems which Dr. Bronowski discusses, by virtue of the restrictions placed on his work by his employers. As he mentions, it is these restrictions and conditions which have given rise to the present dilemma, not some quality inherent in science or scientists.

Many scientists may be on the border between a pure and an applied subject, and an applied scientist is not far removed from a highly skilled technician, yet Dr. Bronowski falls into the current error of calling them all 'scientists'—an error which is more significant than the hydrogen bomb itself. It conceals the essential difference between a skill and an attitude of mind, a confusion which could lead to the decay and death of scientific method, and the domination of the world by relatively ignorant technicians—for a time. This is the first lesson the nations need to be taught.—Yours, etc.,

Woolton H. E. VICKERS

The Teaching of International Relations

Sir,—It is true that, like everyone else, the specialiser in international relations is indebted to Dr. Bronowski—not least for those words of his which are quoted by Mr. Louis Kraft in his letter to you. For his theme, the nature and function of thought in situations of choice, is central to 'lifemanship'—to the art, that is, of social living, whether in the milieu of the village or in that of the world of sovereign states.

Yes, it might indeed be found a main advantage of the study of International Relations that it should further a person's fitness for the understanding, and so for the conduct, of life. Nor should there be any serious quarrel with Mr. Kraft on his question of method. Appreciation of international issues, like the art say of medicine, has its basis in a sophisticated awareness of past experience, and its keynote in the scientific approach. Its prognostics, therefore, if any, are typically tentative, and governed by a cultivated interpretation of conditions as they are. And, as it happens, I for my part, in my adventurings in the subject, am obsessively committed to a method which may, for all I positively know, have little comparably rewarding application in any other titularly differentiated field of academic enterprise. What I do tend, however, to reject is the supposition that, but for this, it could not be a subject in itself. For what identifies such a subject as a subject intrinsically distinct is not, I would hold, its method, but its essential subject matter, its focus of concern, the nature, in this case, of relationships in the society of states.

Grateful moreover as one must be to Mr. Kraft for his testimony to the educative potentialities of this discipline, one cannot quite go all the way with him in his depreciation of subjects traditionally taught. At the very lowest, he must surely allow, there have been historians *and* historians. Has he not read *The Gathering Storm*? And, before agreeing with him as to the possible disabilities of the political scientist, one would want his definition of political science. Where, for example, the term is so expansively employed as purportedly to include the study of international relations, or, as I believe it similarly has been, the study of constitutional, and even of international, law, it would, I submit, be imprudent to assume that the methods relied on must necessarily be such as to leave a man lacking in the qualities which, if appropriately presented, these subjects may severally be expected to elicit and sustain.

The most, I would therefore suggest, that, of these three subjects, might suitably be said is that, whether or not they need, they manifestly can, and to good purpose, be acknowledged as having each its own distinctive focus of concern, fit basis for its treatment as a 'subject in itself'. Thus, to quote the current calendar of a place where it is taught, International Relations, as an autonomous discipline, has 'affinities with sundry other subjects', and, 'as contrasted in particular with Political Science . . . is concerned with what happens in the absence as distinct from the presence of government'. Would that the urgently problematic character of this particular class of happenings were as obvious to all as, at his 'outer edge' of the not yet uninhabitable world, it evidently is to Mr. Kraft. His, for the young Britain of tomorrow, is the message of a friend.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2 C. A. W. MANNING

Sir,—If Mr. Kraft really thinks that '*the very specialism*' of a third-year undergraduate 'only reared in . . . international law, history, politics, political science . . . would vitiate his appraisal of an international situation', then I cannot help him. There does not seem to me to be any particular mystery about the study of international affairs which common sense, intelligent application and knowledge cannot grasp. I do not see that a student reading international relations would be unusually well equipped to write a weekly newspaper column or a weekly Foreign Office report. And I do not think it a good idea that he should try. He cannot have the precise knowledge of passing events and passing persons which journalists or diplomats must have: and his essays are likely to lack both the sap of detailed information and the sting of urgency. Nor are most of his teachers likely to be much better supplied with precise knowledge of this sort. His diet may, therefore, not be sustaining. And it would certainly be no more than could be digested in one or two terms out of a three-year history or political science course.

Universities may, on the whole, be expected to recognise that a new 'discipline' exists and is suitable for undergraduate study when it has, not so much its own 'purpose and method', as its own distinctive subject-matter contained in a number of scholarly books. In what way (except through this precise knowledge which journalists and diplomats and politicians tend to keep to themselves) the subject-matter of 'International Relations' is not already taught in faculties of history or politics or political science, I still do not understand. If I have understood Mr. Kraft, the only thing that seems, in his view, to distinguish this 'discipline' from these others is that many of the events with which it pretends to deal will necessarily be just about to happen, will always be hidden around the next corner, will be 'tomorrow's issues', will by definition not yet have occurred and may, therefore, within the limits of any ordinary 'conventional discipline' or any ordinary conventional university, be rather difficult to study.

There is no need to ship any of Dr. Bronowski's heavy philosophical water into the matter. Speculating about the future is always interesting. Professors and their pupils may wish to do it often. But you cannot make a discipline or a syllabus or a subject-matter out of this sort of political speculation. It is not even easy to write books about it. And it is certainly not, as Mr. Kraft seems to think it is, a new 'method' for dealing with one's own studies. This may be a pity. It is also the case.

Finally, I would say this. Professor Manning hopes, by having young men read international relations instead of English or classics or Chinese, to show them how to avoid the political errors of their fathers. This is an illusion. You do not learn how to make political decisions in university lecture-rooms. English political life has not much contact with seminars. The political views of professors, unless they are also prophets or journalists, are in this country seldom attended to. And there is no reason why they should be attended to. A professor who is a prophet or a journalist will be listened to when he advocates a course of political action, not because he professes This or That or even international relations, but because he is intelligent and articulate and has hammered out his intellectual character in a discipline and upon a subject-matter that is not half-baked, is not vague and does not allow him to be vague.

As with professors, so with undergraduates. If Professor Manning wishes to see them leave universities with hard heads and clear minds, he should let them be toughened by a more difficult, more revealing and more demanding subject than the one described on pages 123 and 124 of Mr. Goodwin's pamphlet. The lecture-room is not, in any case, the only part of a university in which undergraduates will learn. But so long as they are in lecture-rooms, let their formal teaching be based upon the things

their teachers can know particularly well. How to avoid political disaster is not normally one of them. When it is, it will emerge whatever the teacher is supposed to be teaching.

Yours, etc.,
Reading University MAURICE COWLING

[*This correspondence is now closed.*—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Free Speech and American Liberty

Sir,—W. J. Igoe (THE LISTENER, May 27) accuses Miss Stewart-Thompson (THE LISTENER, May 20) of 'exaggerations' about the state of civil liberties in America today. He says that they are 'absurd', 'mischievous', 'nonsense'. I do not think, however, that his letter will lessen Miss Stewart-Thompson's quite justified concern. Mr. Igoe denies that 'free expression' is 'practically silenced', and gives as proof that Ed Murrow is still on the air and that *The New York Times*, the *Herald-Tribune*, *The New Yorker*, and the *Saturday Review* are still being published and are all quite frankly anti-McCarthy. Being anti-McCarthy is surely not the sole test of free expression. The examples he gives are all conservative, all unalterably hostile to Soviet Russia, except *The New Yorker*, which goes in very little for politics. *The New York Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* usually have good news coverage, but the editors are reactionary, not by any means nonconformist. They thoroughly approve of the U.S.A. helping to overthrow the legitimate Government of Guatemala by force and violence. They are definitely opposed to admitting the *de facto* government of China to the U.N. There are other, far better, examples than these, of really courageous free speech, in weeklies, monthlies, pamphlets, and books, but they reach comparatively few people. Moreover, a bill is about to be introduced into Congress which, if passed, would go far towards silencing those that must go through the mails.

There is no doubt that civil liberty is in a critical state in the U.S.A. Schools, universities, churches, unions, and the general public have all suffered from the suppression of free speech and opinion. Nonconformists, or suspected nonconformists, among school teachers and university professors, have lost their jobs. There is a determined drive on by the Administration to put through some bills which could effectively destroy all unions. A new Federal law requires every church to take a loyalty oath that the organisation does not advocate the 'violent overthrow of the government'. It must take this oath in order to qualify for the Federal tax exemption, hitherto granted to all churches. Tenants who live in Federal 'housing projects' must take a similar loyalty oath.

Not long ago, a prominent psychologist from the University of California went to speak and receive honours at an international psychological meeting in Montreal, Canada. In his speech he strongly criticised the American McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, saying that it made it impossible to hold international, scientific meetings in the United States. Too many foreign scientists have been refused visas to come into the country. In speaking of the climate of fear in the States, this professor said:

> A strong fear that his family may starve and a strong fear that what he says will lead him into conflict with the current climate of opinion will tend to make a scholar a poorer, more timid teacher, a blind type of research worker, and a neurotic committee man.

The American Civil Liberties Union unfortunately has not entirely escaped the 'witch hunt'. Last year the California State Senate made a report on education in the state and on the danger of much of the supplementary reading recommended by the schools. In this report the A.C.L.U. was more than once mentioned as being 'communist infiltrated', the Unesco was condemned as 'international', as were many books, such as Ruth Benedict's valuable *Races of Mankind*. The latter was issued by the authorities to the men in the army during the second world war. Things have changed since then!

The A.C.L.U. for many years did splendid work for civil liberties in this country, and still does. However, some of its former members feel that it has occasionally compromised on its principles, and with the sincere desire not to be 'silenced' it has sometimes given way on what might have seemed to be a minor civil liberty in order to continue to work for greater ones. In spite of what Mr. Malin says (THE LISTENER, June 10) the A.C.L.U. does *not* always stand by its belief in 'civil liberties for *everybody*'.

In 1940, the Board of Directors of the A.C.L.U., using rather undemocratic methods, pushed through a resolution barring communists from officership—a sort of voluntary oath-taking on the part of the Union. It proceeded to expel the one communist on the staff, a fine woman who had given years of service to the organisation. I think that it was just before this country entered the second world war that the A.C.L.U. branch of northern California successfully fought for the right of Gerald L. K. Smith to speak in a school auditorium in San Francisco. This, according to state law, he had a right to do, and the right had been denied, so great was public disapproval of Smith. In this respect, the A.C.L.U. was standing on its principle of free speech for everybody, even for an anti-Semitic rabble rouser, and upon its belief that it is not qualified to judge of the fitness of the speaker. But then the A.C.L.U. did go on to compromise on its principles when it took a stand of strong disapproval toward those who picketed the Smith meeting. Again, a few weeks ago, in Los Angeles, Mr. Schary (of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) who is on the advisory board of the southern California branch of the A.C.L.U., threatened to resign if the Union did not cancel a meeting at which they had invited Corliss Lamont to speak. The meeting was cancelled. In this case the A.C.L.U. *did* feel itself qualified to judge.

Dr. Lamont is professor of philosophy at Columbia University and has lectured at many other universities. He was a director of A.C.L.U. from 1932 to 1954. He is widely known and respected, has written many books, and of late years has published a number of timely pamphlets, such as *Challenge to McCarthy*, *Are We Being Talked Into War?*, *The Civil Liberties Crisis*, and *Soviet Military Aggression: Myth or Reality?* In this last, he gives twenty reasons why 'Soviet military aggression is most unlikely, either now or in the future'. Not long ago, Lamont was refused a visa to leave the country. This is a clear case of the denial of civil liberty. It is voices like Professor Lamont's that are being silenced. That is the tragedy.

Mr. Igoe obviously has respect for *The New York Times*. In the issue for July 7 there is a front-page article on informers in the U.S.A.

> The cult of the paid informer is growing in the Federal Government . . . Tipsters, who often include disgruntled former employes, envious acquaintances, or personal enemies, render a valuable service both to the tax and customs collectors in ferreting out tax evaders or smugglers. Perhaps the best known group of paid informers in the anti-communist campaign includes about thirty-five 'contractors', who serve with regularity as witnesses in various Federal cases, but who operate under the Immigration and Naturalisation Services. . . .

Mr. Igoe rejects the analogy to nazi Germany, but I have heard more than one German refugee express alarm at the similarity to the early days of the nazi regime. Certainly all free expression is not silenced yet. There are many liberals who still have the courage to voice nonconformist opinions, and who try to stay the drift towards fascism, though they often suffer for it. Quaker churches and some other churches refuse to take the new loyalty oath for churches, people are losing their jobs and going to prison rather than turn informer on friends and neighbours. But it is not a pretty picture, and no one can say what the end will be. But of this I am sure, we cannot save freedom in America by compromise, we cannot keep one single civil liberty by first Heiling Hitler.—Yours, etc.,

Berkeley, California HELEN FREELAND GIBB

The Case for Take-over Bids

Sir,—Mr. Harold Cowen, in his talk published in THE LISTENER of July 8, says: 'The very circumstance that there is scope for a speculative financier to make a profit out of a take-over operation implies that the resources of that concern taken over have been under-employed. That, at any rate, is so in every case that I know of'. It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Cowen how such an implication arises in the case of the type of operation where the company's properties are sold and leased back to the company. The properties are surely being employed to the same extent, no more and no less, than before.—Yours, etc.,

Pinner K. PATTERSON

A World Surplus of Wheat?

Sir,—Mr. Shonfield's statement in 'A World Surplus of Wheat?' (THE LISTENER, July 1) that 'buying countries must buy if they are offered wheat at the maximum price' is presumably a slip of pen or printer, and 'minimum' instead of maximum is intended. The obligation in the International Wheat Agreement upon a buyer to buy arises, of course, only when world prices fall to the minimum. Mr. Shonfield later makes this clear when he says sellers can only force buyers to buy their full quotas 'by reducing their prices to the minimum'.

Stripped to its essentials, the International Wheat Agreement is a floor price arrangement under which importers obligate themselves to buy from exporters only and solely when market prices fall to the minimum.

The maximum, as far as the importer is concerned, is a myth: there is no obligation under the I.W.A. imposing any obligation upon importers to buy at the maximum; there is solely an obligation upon the seller to sell when buyers bid up prices to the maximum price or, in the case of wheat outside the I.W.A., to a higher price. This had been the market situation since the war until, say, the end of 1952. The market situation and not any provision of the I.W.A. explains why Britain, for example, was able from 1949-53 and earlier under the Anglo-Canadian agreement of 1946-49 to import Canadian wheat at prices below prices at which wheat outside the agreement was sold, and thereby to save, over some seven years, millions of dollars. Only relatively small quantities of United States wheat (except in 1951) have been imported since the war.

It is most interesting to observe that Mr. Shonfield, when discussing 'last year's squabble' over the maximum of $2.05, should concur that the maximum price 'now turns out to be irrelevant'. It was, of course, also irrelevant in 1953: irrelevant, hypothetical, and nominal.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 GRAHAM SPRY

The Total Eclipse of the Sun

Sir,—Dr. M. A. Ellison in his interesting broadcast on the eclipse of the sun says. 'Even as late as 1715, the Astronomer Royal, Edmund Halley', etc. Halley was not appointed Astronomer Royal until February 9, 1721. For 'Edmund' it is more accurate to read 'Edmond'. Every scholar of Newton cannot extol Halley sufficiently for without him we may not have had the *Principia*, perhaps the greatest work that ever came from the brain of man. The *Dictionary of National Biography* rightly says:

> He ranked next to Newton among the scientific Englishmen of his time. Of his eighty-four papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* a large proportion expounded in a brilliant and attractive style theories or inventions opening up novel lines of enquiry and showing a genius no less fertile than comprehensive.

Yours, etc.,
Ballater G. FINDLAY SHIRRAS

Art Critics

Sir,—On the cover of THE LISTENER of July 8 there is printed a replica of a painting by Picasso. Is it not getting things a little out of proportion to describe this delightful example of eccentric buffoonery as a masterpiece? In this drab and dull 'after the war' period we owe a lot to Picasso for keeping us in constant amusement by his *drôlerie*. Phil May, in his day, was equally startling and delightful, but few remember him today and few will remember Picasso. Caricaturists are, unfortunately, tied to their time.

I hope these few words will not discourage some of your rather self-satisfied and all wise art critics from continuing to extol as wonderful everything that is ugly, misshapen and eccentric. I know THE LISTENER is not meant to be a mirth-provoking paper, but in its art criticisms it reaches a high level of unconscious humour. Long may it continue. It is a source of endless enjoyment to many, amongst whom is,

Yours, etc.,
London, W.1 BRABAZON OF TARA

Television Critics

Sir,—What are radio and television critics? They can hardly be normal human beings, as ordinary people think of humanity. Your Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace, to mention only one of this extraordinary tribe, seems to not like all *we* enjoy and goes in a big way for everything we abhor.

He calls Billy Bunter 'laboured', speaks in most condescending manner of a recent extract from the Frank Richards' saga. We think we are human, my wife and son and I, yet we laughed our heads off at Bunter and enjoyed the whole affair. Perhaps we are unknowingly maladjusted, so we checked with friends, with people at work; they enjoyed it too. Our teen-age son is not a moron, whatever else he is, for I do not think morons can win scholarships to Dulwich College. He has a saying about your critics, and about most newspaper ones too. Whenever we point out that Hope-Wallace, or Trewin, or Martin Armstrong or the *Evening News* fellow, or the *News Chronicle* pundit, gives something a low rating, he says: 'Oh, don't take any notice of what *they* say'.

Mr. Hope-Wallace damned 'The Wilderness of Monkeys' with faint praise and could not discover what it was all about. We, mere licence holders, the folk for whom the whole business is staged, enjoyed the affair immensely and got the point quite clearly.

Would it be a good idea to have Classes for Critics, the majority of whom invariably cannot understand, or do not like, about ninety per cent. of radio and television fare? I would be willing to be a lecturer, gratis. I could bring the boy along and the wife. If there were any doubts about our qualifications—for we are only ordinary people—there are some of my workmates, and men and women down our street.

If there is any objection to this—and it is quite likely that the critics will not be able to accept criticism—then could we be told what are the terms of reference of these peculiar people? Why is it they never like what we like and why do they go into ecstasies about that—fortunately not frequent—item which seems to have been an oversight on someone's part? It is clear that whatever critics are trying to do they are not representative of listeners, viewers and readers of their columns in newspapers and magazines.—Yours, etc.,

Thornton Heath BERNARD WATSON

[We refer to the last two letters in our editorial this week. —EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Pinorman'

Sir,—Norman Douglas evidently told different stories to different people about his share in the Orioli books. An anonymous reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, who obviously knew Douglas, reported that Douglas re-wrote the books. This was questioned by correspondents, and the reviewer replied that Douglas had himself made the assertion. As this corresponded with what I had long thought probable, I adopted it as a hypothesis which seemed to me credible. Douglas' friends will have to make up their minds as to which of the two stories he told was true. From my point of view it matters little whether Douglas or Orioli held the pen. The point is that under Douglas' influence Orioli's books contain malicious falsehoods about D. H. Lawrence, stories which are entirely at variance with Orioli's repeated expressions of admiration and affection for Lawrence made to me and to Mrs. Lawrence in 1930-32, when Orioli was issuing some of Lawrence's posthumous works. The stories in Orioli's book about Lawrence are malicious inventions. However Orioli's special verve and humour were turned into second-rate Norman Douglas, the fact is that they were.—Yours, etc.,

Montpellier RICHARD ALDINGTON

A Famous Literary Periodical

Sir,—May I be allowed to add a few practical particulars to Mr. House's interesting talk on *The London Magazine* of the eighteen-twenties (THE LISTENER, July 15). The book he mentioned—Dr. Josephine Bauer's *The London Magazine*—is the first item in a series of monographs on English literature and other related matters published in Denmark under the title *Anglistica*.

Inquiries should be made to the publishers, Rosenkilde and Bagger, International Booksellers and Publishers, Kron-Prinsens-Gade 3, Copenhagen K, Denmark, with whom orders should be lodged.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 GEOFFREY TILLOTSON

The Fastest Train on Earth

Sir,—I feel that I must add to Mr. Bounil's contribution in this column of July 8. As regards speeding up of trains in general many arguments have been advanced for and against but it is usually stated that the permanent way is not wholly fit for very high speed running and also slow freight trains are a great obstacle. Both these points are easily countered. If France, which was for a long time under German occupation, can manage to make her railways capable of receiving high speed trains, why can't we in Britain? Surely it shows very bad inefficiency in some of the organisation.

As for the goods trains, Mr. Bounil provided the answer to this in his last paragraph. Surely it is time we ceased what must be a nineteenth-century practice and fitted brakes to our freight trains? As for electrification I must again agree with Mr. Bourfil. Its advantages outweigh by a long way any of its disadvantages. Steam engines, for all their sentimental attachments, are smoky, dirty, inefficient and, we might now say, slow. Diesel and Diesel-electric must be eliminated since we have no real sources of fuel in this country. This elimination leaves only electricity, excluding horses and sail.

Electricity is clean. It can be produced more efficiently from coal and hence there would be a saving of coal which is wasted in steam locomotives. The locomotives can be as fast as, and faster than, the most powerful steam locomotives available in this country. For local services with many stops it is the only form of traction since the acceleration of an electric train compared with a similar steam train makes it invaluable. When coal becomes obsolete, as it will undoubtedly in a few years time when replaced by atomic energy, unless it is intended to have atomic piles on railway engines which is improbable if not impossible, then electricity will be the only way of conveying power from the pile to the locomotive. Hence if the railways look at the problem from a long term policy, electrification is the only course possible.—Yours, etc.,

Harwell P. BORRELL

The Battle of Waterloo

Sir,—In reply to Mr. E. R. Lister's letter on the conduct of Napoleon on the evening of Waterloo (THE LISTENER, July 8), I should like to give a further quotation from the journal of Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, who seems to have had a low opinion of his master's bravery. The passage describes Napoleon's conduct whilst the Imperial Guard was being shattered:

> Buonaparte had then six persons close to him: these were, his brother Jerome, Generals Bertrand, Drouot, Bernard, Colbert, and Labedoyere. At every step which he took, or seemed to take to put his own person in front Generals Bertrand and Drouot threw themselves before his horse's head, and exclaimed in a pathetic accent: 'Ah! Sire, what are you going to do? Consider that the safety of France and of the army depends entirely upon you; all is lost if any accident happen to you'. Buonaparte yielded to their entreaties with a real or apparent effort by which he seemed to gain control over himself But one thing appeared very singular, namely that the two men who knew so well how to moderate his ardour and to restrain him, were the only persons whom he never sent out to reconnoitre the state of the battle, though he sent the others twenty times into the midst of the fire, to carry orders, or bring him information. One of them having told him that the Duke of Wellington had been for a long time in front and at the head of one of his squares, he made a sort of grimace which showed that this part of the narrative vexed him much.

I think, however, that probably no scrupulously truthful contemporary account of Napoleon's conduct at Waterloo exists, since those writers who revered him would tend to exaggerate his bravery; and those who disliked him, to disparage him.—Yours, etc.,

Keighley IAN DEWHIRST

Opera Libretti at Their Worst

Sir,—May I quote an even worse 'oratorio gem' than that mentioned by Mr. J. E. H. Barker? It also occurs in a translation of the 'Dies Irae':

> With thy sheep, Lord, deign to mate me,
> From the he-goats separate me.

Yours, etc.,
Farnborough T. A. JEFFERSON

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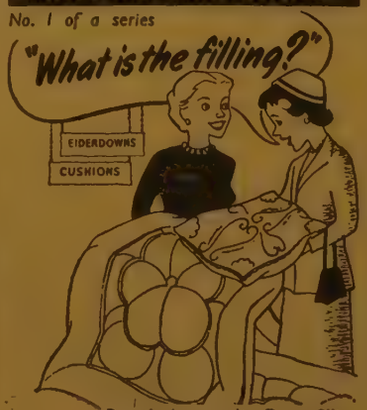

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford. The Unpublished Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Mary Russell Mitford. Edited and Introduced by Betty Miller. Murray. 25s.

THE AUTHOR OF *Our Village* had no high opinion of 'literary ladies' and, though eventually much admired as one of them herself, detested writing and considered it 'not a healthy occupation'. This, however, did not prevent her from meeting a number of celebrated writers, Wordsworth and Landor among them, when in May 1836 she paid a week's visit to London. But of all those she met, the person who attracted her most was an aspiring, but as yet quite unknown and intensely shy, poetess, twenty years her junior, whose looks captivated her and whose delicacy excited her protective affection. Elizabeth Barrett was then thirty years old and had only recently come to live in a furnished house in Gloucester Place taken for his large family by Mr. Moulton Barrett. With great difficulty her cousin, John Kenyon, persuaded her to accompany him and Miss Mitford to an exhibition of pictures and to the Zoo. The ladies took to each other at once, met almost daily for the rest of the visit, and then began a weekly correspondence which continued for ten years and ended only when Browning, whose claim to greatness had been often a thorn of mild contention between them, snatched the secluded singer from her cage.

Miss Betty Miller has now selected and skilfully edited some of the letters which Elizabeth wrote to her kindly friend and they show how warm an affection each had for the other despite great differences of temperament and outlook. It was, indeed, an odd conjunction of opposites, of a bustling, red-cheeked, out-of-doors country woman and a pale invalid, drawing life almost entirely from her reading and her writing, shut away equally from society and the sun. Each had an exacting father, a widower, who exploited his daughter's devotion. But in Elizabeth's letters the references to 'Papa', at least until near the end of the correspondence, are invariably fond. She even referred to him as counteracting a terrible east wind 'with the "sweet-south" of his presence'. The tragic event of the period was the loss by drowning of her eldest and dearest brother, to which was indirectly due the serious breakdown of her health and her consequent exile to Torquay. The 'unspeakable anguish' which this caused her was life-long and Miss Miller notes that whenever she alluded to this event, her handwriting became markedly tremulous and agitated.

But although the letters increasingly show a spontaneity and warmth of feeling, or what she herself described as 'that gentle quiet flowing of the heart along the graceful channel made for it by the intellect', they are seldom deeply self-revealing. Doubtless Elizabeth respected the limits of her friend's sympathies and understanding, though in literary matters she had the courage of her enthusiasms whether for George Sand or for other French authors little to the taste of the English country gentry, whom Miss Mitford regarded as 'the best class in the whole world'. These years saw, too, the publication of her own poetry and its immediate recognition by an admiring public. But of her problems or method as a poet little is said. And when Browning arrives in person, the few references to him are so discreet that the final letter, written just before the elopement in a tone of almost remorseful apology, must have come to the unsuspecting and motherly friend as a great shock. The letters contain much literary and social gossip, of very little interest today, but which does evoke the early Victorian background. But it is less for the echoes of literary London which reached the still and overheated bedroom at 50 Wimpole Street that they will be valued than for the day-to-day domestic details in which 'Flush', a gift from Miss Mitford, plays no inconsiderable part, and as an expression, often vivid in phrase, always eloquent and impulsive, of a heart eager to lavish its love.

England and the Italian Renaissance By J. R. Hale. Faber. 21s.

The relationship between Italy and this country may be compared to a love affair in which the English have been the suitors. It is we who have gone to her, not she to us. Nevertheless there have been reservations and qualms on both sides. The Italians must frequently have found us barbarous, prudish, arrogant, and gullible, while we, for our part, have considered them dirty, immoral, and superstitious. Moreover there is, in our admiration, an element of fear. Catherine Morland was not alone in believing that 'Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, might be as fruitful in horrors as they were represented'—in the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe. The English traveller sees a Borgia behind every bush and, fearing violence or moral contagion, scuttles into the 'English Tea Rooms' or, like Sir Leslie Stephen, looks down on Lombardy from the Alps but never descends to the cities of the plain.

Mr. Hale brilliantly traces one part of the history of this passionate, but uneasy, relationship. He is principally concerned with the Englishman's notion of Italy in her prime, that vaguely defined but still recognisable age of grandeur, the Renaissance. He is particularly good at showing just how our notions of that period, and of the dates that can be assigned to it, have varied; he displays humour, learning, and sympathetic intelligence, particularly in dealing with the Englishman's understanding of Italian painting. Here, certainly, is a notable and readable contribution to our knowledge. One could wish (this is a rare compliment) that this book were longer. Mr. Hale might have dealt at greater length with the political bias which informed our notions of Italy during the nineteenth century and he could certainly have paid rather more attention to the effects of the Italian Renaissance upon our imaginative literature and upon our architecture. George Eliot's tiresome novel *Romola* is just mentioned, but nothing is said of Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*. John Addington Symonds is most carefully and ably dealt with, but Browning and Pater are barely considered. And, while many obscure and sometimes uninteresting seventeenth-century travellers are considered in great detail, Milton's journey to Italy is omitted.

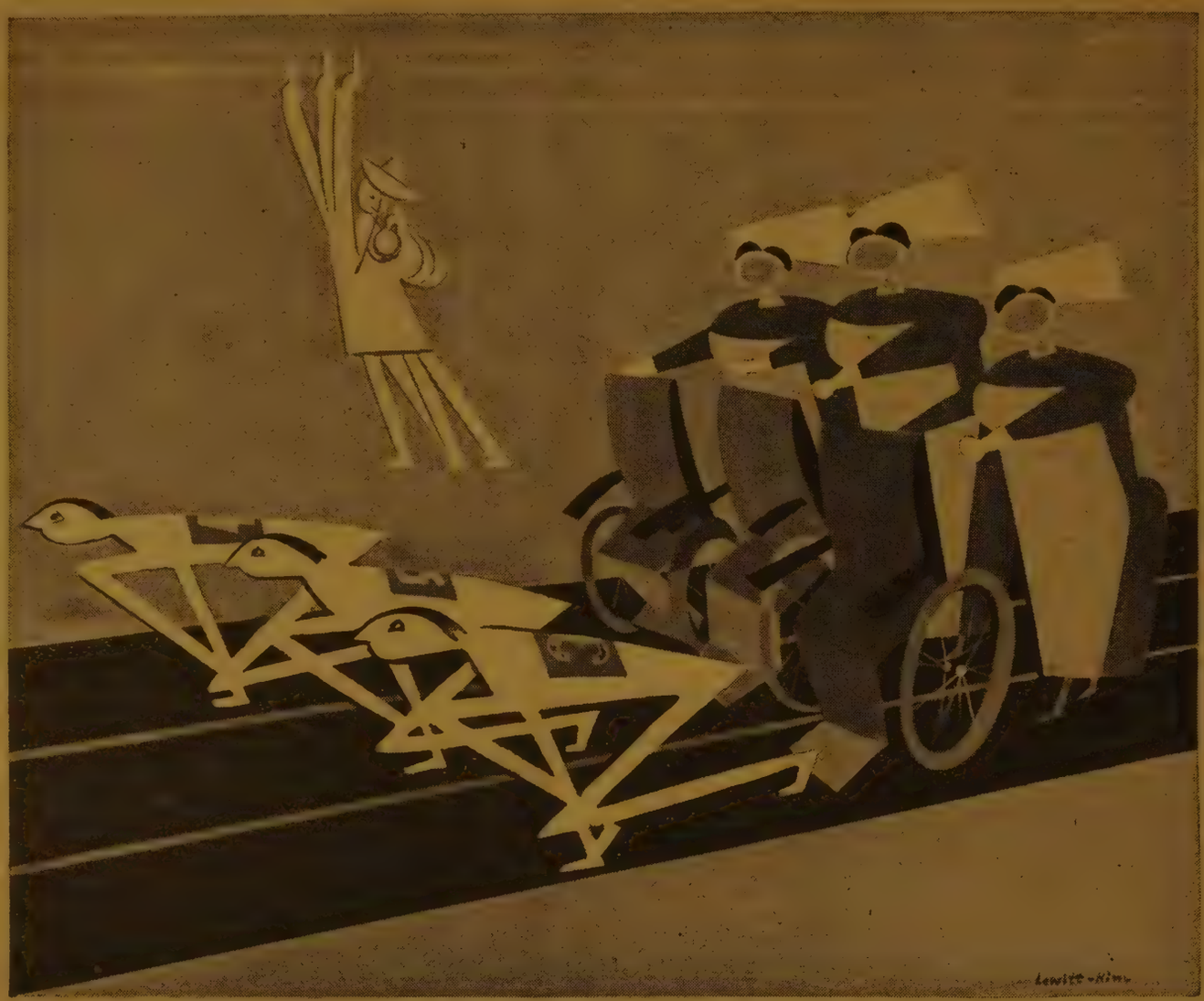
When these criticisms have been made it is necessary to add yet another: one which may perhaps be addressed to the publisher rather than to the author. A work of this kind should be illustrated, in fact it should be profusely illustrated. The influence of the Italian Renaissance on England is never more vividly obvious than in the works of our painters and architects. There is a great deal of material that could and should have been used to complete the picture. If Mr. Hale would use his great talents to produce an extended and lavishly illustrated work on this theme we should be even more in his debt than we are already; for this book, despite omissions to which a reviewer must point, and which, in consequence, loom unnecessarily large in his review, is one for which the public may well be grateful.

John Gibson Lockhart By Marion Lochhead. Murray. 25s.

For a century, more or less, it has been an article of faith among literary critics that the two greatest biographies in the language are Boswell's *Johnson* and Lockhart's *Scott;* and it will take another century, less or more, to shake that faith. Both works are faulty because too wordy; but while Boswell's biography could with advantage be pruned to one-half its present length, Lockhart's should be reduced by at least three-quarters. The aspect of a human being that cannot be revealed in the course of 250,000 words had better remain in obscurity. Boswell himself adds to the entertainment of his portrait of Johnson, but Lockhart is not sufficient of a character or an oddity to divert the occasional prosiness of his subject, and not acute enough as a critic to quote only what is interesting and illuminating in Scott's letters.

It is difficult to like Lockhart as a personality. His criticisms in *Blackwood's* of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Keats, are inexcusable on any ground. To say, in estimating a man's poem, that 'the very concubine of so impure a wretch as Leigh Hunt would be to be pitied, but alas! for the wife of such a husband', places the writer beyond the pale, and it was a little naive of Scott to wonder why he could not obtain a comfortable sinecure for Lockhart through the influence of people who remembered that the fellow had called Byron a humbug and described 'Endymion' as 'calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy'. Their instinct was right, for so little did Lockhart's nature mellow that, more than a decade after his antics in *Blackwood's*, he published an attack on Tennyson in the *Quarterly* which had a most unfortunate effect on the poet. In fact Lockhart preferred slander to criticism, and was known to his own age as 'the Scorpion'. Had he been living today, a good deal of his time would be spent in defending legal actions for defamation of character. As it was, his devilry resulted in bloodshed.

Faced with the difficulty of transforming a scorpion into a ladybird, Miss Lochhead lays stress on Lockhart as an affectionate husband and parent, and gives us some charming glimpses of him as a family man. But though charity begins at home, it should not be wholly domesticated; several notorious criminals have been exemplary at the fireside; and a man's character must be judged by his general behaviour, especially by his attitude to his contemporaries and fellow-workers. Lockhart was liked only by his intimates and close relations. To the rest of the world he was inhumanly cold or actively hostile. The finest thing about him was his unaffected love and reverence for his father-in-law Sir Walter Scott, whose benevolent and stimulating influence brought out the best in him. Miss Lochhead perceives this and rightly emphasises it. Her rare causticity is reserved for those who did not care for Lockhart. The estimate of Miss Martineau, she says,



The Schweppshire Way of Life

5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleaoschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal of meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

'could be expressed in a monosyllable, but it would lack dignity, and give pain to dog-lovers'. On the whole Miss Lochhead fights a losing game gallantly and makes us realise, apparently without noticing it herself, that Lockhart was to be pitied almost as much as his victims; for he told the truth about himself when he wrote of Burns that 'the tormenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself, escaped (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others'.

The Mediterranean and Middle East. Volume I. The Early Successes against Italy (to May 1941). By Major-General I. S. O. Playfair, Commander G. M. S. Stitt, Brigadier C. J. C. Molony, Air Vice-Marshal S. E. Toomer. H.M. Stationery Office. 35s.

In the *History of the Second World War* six volumes, one to a year on the average, are to be devoted to the Mediterranean and Middle East. The first volume deals to a larger extent with both high strategy and administration than Major Ellis' *France and Flanders 1939-40*; they indeed played a larger part in the preparation for and conduct of the war. In this theatre there was more time to think and plan. The war was 'phonier' than in France because Germany troubled the Mediterranean practically not at all and Italy remained quiescent until the fall of France was assured. The planning and preparation was generally good. Strategic ideas and appreciations were sound and sensible both in Whitehall and in the Mediterranean. Even where they differed, this did not mean that their ideas were opposed: it was simply that the correct steps clearly seen in the Mediterranean by Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, General Sir Archibald Wavell, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, could not be supported in Whitehall, for lack of equipment rather than lack of men. Yet a great deal was accomplished.

The account of this preliminary period is well written and interesting. The uneasy relations with Egypt—but not with the Egyptian Army—the negotiations with Turkey, the policy adopted in dealing with Italy, the administrative arrangements, the plans for offensives in co-operation with the French, are excellently described. Despite grave shortages, a measure of strength was attained in the Anglo-French alliance which helps to explain the hesitations of Italy. Even when France was obviously beaten and Italy entered the war the allied naval strength in surface forces was superior to the Italian—unfortunately, only for a brief moment. The disaster must have come with stunning force upon the British commanders. So much that they had built up—promising plans with France, understanding with Turkey, prestige in Egypt—had collapsed. Worse still, there followed the highly unwelcome action against the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir, of which, it is revealed, Sir Andrew Cunningham expressed his strong disapproval.

The historians make a vivid story of the extraordinary manner in which a lot of the cargo of hopes was retrieved from the wreck. The weakest service, the Royal Air Force, made a lightning start, destroying or damaging eighteen Italian aircraft on the ground in the first day and night. The Navy's beginning was less decisive because it proved so difficult to get at the Italian Navy, but the Fleet Air Arm's attack on it in Taranto harbour on November 11 was a great feat of arms. The Army led off with impudent and successful outpost operations, but finally brought off one of the most spectacular victories of the war in Cyrenaica. One element emerging from the record is that Italy was even more unready for war than has been generally supposed and, curiously, seeing that she had all her resources at her disposal while Britain had only a small share of hers, made far less progress in preparations in the waiting period than Britain.

The account ends with the victorious campaigns in which East Africa was overrun and Abyssinia liberated. These included the hardest and most costly fighting in the capture of the strong Keren position. What would have happened there against a first-class enterprising air force is doubtful. By the end of the period such an air force had already arrived. The *Luftwaffe* was in the Mediterranean. The Italian campaign against Greece and the likelihood of German intervention was bringing to the fore grave political and military problems. The historians rightly carry the East African narrative to a later stage than that of North Africa, which they conclude by recording the arrival of Rommel. They note, depressingly, that of 220,000 tons of cargo loaded in Italian ports for North Africa during February and March 1941 less than ten per cent. failed to arrive. The maps, as always in official military histories, are very well drawn. The actual operations are briefly described according to plan, but it would not have lengthened the account to show troops—rather than, for the most part, red arrows—on maps illustrating land operations and would have made the maps more interesting and informative.

Devon. By W. G. Hoskins. Collins. 42s.

Devonshire is one of the largest counties in England. It is also extremely varied not only in its geology, and therefore in its land use, but in the occupations of its inhabitants. The contact within its borders between the 'old' and 'new' rocks bestows upon it a scenic diversity which if paralleled in is certainly not surpassed in other countries. So with the inhabitants: Devon is or has been a land not only of farmers but of clothiers, seamen, tinners, lawyers, and lodging-house keepers.

The size and complexity of Devon provide the county historians with a challenge to which Dr. Hoskins has bravely risen. Few, if any, could have achieved what he has done. Not only is he a Devonian by birth, he is a lover of his county. He not only understands the problems of the small communities with which he deals, he shares them. He can mourn, as over the loss of a friend, the closing of the Devon cloth-mills, each of them 'a valuable part of the economy of a small town, helping to keep it active and prosperous and alive with young people'. And he can draw pleasure out of the 'dry pages' of White's *Directory* which display to his trained eye 'a now disintegrated society, that met nearly all its earthly and spiritual needs within its own boundaries'.

This peculiar affection which the author feels for his subject invests the book with a 'popular' quality which will give pleasure to laymen. It in no way lessens its value to the practised scholar who will be quick to acknowledge the care with which the documentary sources have been examined, and the ruthlessness with which the landscape has been made to yield its historical secrets. Younger men, tiros as yet, will learn something besides about the topographer's technique: the right use of maps, the value of genealogy.

Gaps of course remain. Little is said about the constitution of fees, the characteristics of early sheriffs, the origin and extent of petty sessional divisions, the distribution of hospitals, physicians and midwives. Here and there, too, one pauses before a questionable inference. Have not leases for lives been postdated? Has not the significance of twentieth-century parochial charities been minimised and the effectiveness of Elizabethan quarantine been exaggerated? But what is remarkable is not that there should be something to question but so little to question, while the *lacunae* are not blemishes but invitations to further study.

Dr. Hoskins' book is of course one of a series, the second title, in fact, to appear. The plan of the series provides that each county volume shall consist of two parts—a collection of narrative chapters and an historical gazetteer. Dr. Hoskins has been bound to follow this plan and indeed the first part of his book could not have succeeded if the second part had not been drafted. But, if drafted, need it have been published? Do we not in fact need a series of short, general county histories easy to handle, capable of a widespread distribution? The gazetteer, though in the case of Devonshire it is well done, is too brief for the expert and a possible embarrassment to the layman. The series is perhaps young enough to pose this question to the general editor.

The Dancing Bees. By Karl von Frisch. Methuen. 16s.
The World of the Honeybee By Colin G. Butler. Collins. 21s.

A few years ago Professor Karl von Frisch published an account of what he terms the language of honeybees demonstrated by their dances. In the present volume, which is the fifth revised edition, the same themes are enlarged upon with additional chapters on habits and senses to bring this entrancing subject before a larger section of the reading public.

The habit of dancing is not confined to honeybees. Sceliphron the potter wasp executes a sort of war dance if her pottery is tampered with, whirling round her elegant clay cells with violently vibrating wings and antennae all a-quiver. But the dancing of honeybees comes into another category although also due to excitation of the nerves, for the significance of the various figures is considered to be understood by other hive inmates who translate them into action. Facts learnt by a bee on her quest for pollen or nectar, such as distance, direction or the abundance of particular crops are thus said to be communicated. Part of Professor von Frisch's astonishing experiments have now been repeated in the Bee Department of Rothamsted Experimental Research Station and elsewhere, but his inductions still need continuous testing at every point before they will be accepted unanimously in their entirety.

Dr. Butler in *The World of the Honeybee* has concentrated upon another aspect of the same perplexing question, namely, the means of dissemination of news inside a hive. His conclusions are somewhat different. It is well known that if the queen of a colony dies or is removed, all members become aware of the fact at once. So rapidly is the communication made that within twelve hours—in some instances even within three or four hours—some of the workers are already building special cells, the emergency queen cells. From one of these, after being fed on a special diet, their selected future queen will emerge.

The means by which the news is spread and what causes the workers to reject individual royal larvae have never been satisfactorily explained. Dr. Butler's researches led him to adopt the interesting hypothesis that there are certain exudations from the body of a queen honeybee, which he calls the queen substance, that this is normally imbibed by her subjects, and that when it fails they take steps at once to obtain a new queen.

Many very exacting experiments had to be made before Dr. Butler was satisfied that he was following the right lines of investigation. He

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found that the workers surrounding the queen are continually licking her till her body is polished like a mirror, and that these who are in personal contact then pass on the same fluid in drops to others, who again share until the outer circle is reached. If this theory be correct then we find that the whole community must be imbibing the queen substance, and if the source fails we can understand that the information is carried to each individual bee. This destroys all former poetical notions of the devotion of social insects to their queens, and we can no longer hold them up as examples to be emulated.

In both these attractive books the beautiful photographs are beyond praise.

We regret that in a review published on July 8 of 'The Behaviour and Social Life of Honey Bees', the author, Mr. Ronald Ribbands, was described as the head of the Bee Department of Rothamsted Experimental Station, a position actually held by Dr. Colin G. Butler, the author of one of the books reviewed above.

New Novels

The Fall of a Titan. By Igor Gouzenko. Cassell. 16s.
A Cool Million. By Nathanael West. Spearman. 9s. 6d.
Rama Retold. By Aubrey Menen. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

CRIME is the only career left to the genius. He will not do what is expected of him and is therefore vicious, since society lives by the principle that everybody must do what has been done before. Deviation is sin. These three novelists are artists, by definition anxious to prove that deviation is virtue. Their respective heroes all take the best advice and act according to precedent. The first loses his soul, the second is mutilated and killed, the third is deprived of his kingdom.

The Fall of a Titan (translated by Mervyn Black) tells the story of a Russian who commits a moral crime and so gains the highest rewards for social virtue. The scene is Rostov in 1935. Feodor Novikov is a young university lecturer, basically decent but compelled by circumstances to report on his colleagues to the Soviet security system. Now he is given a big commission. Mikhael Gorin, the greatest living Russian writer, has recently returned from abroad and is known to have doubts about the regime he helped to establish. (This character is based on Maxim Gorki.) Novikov's task is to gain Gorin's confidence and coax him back to conformity. By means of this intellectual struggle the author attempts to show the nature of 'Soviet man' and to answer the questions posed by Gorin: 'They could all have been good, kind people, with noble feelings, with warm hearts, but they have become monsters. Is it their fault? And, if not, then whose?'

Igor Gouzenko is well known as the cipher clerk in the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa who sought political asylum in 1945, bringing with him documents which exposed Russian espionage in Canada. His name on a publication might lead one to expect a political tract, but this novel is nothing of the kind. Politics is here incidental to a study in human relationships. It is true that the political organisation of Soviet Russia is the iron maiden that squeezes these characters until they shriek, but we are primarily interested in the fate of individuals and only secondarily in the iniquity of the political system. The story of Novikov and Gorin is played against a background of appalling social tyranny, misery and degradation. The government is always and ruthlessly right. This alone is Novikov's justification, but eventually he realises that he is spiritually lost. He has become an Ivan Karamazov, when he could have been an Alyosha. His attitude to Gorin changes from intellectual challenge to primitive hatred, since Gorin is typical of the pre-Revolution protesters who are now dismayed at the practical and brutal realisation of their dreams.

Agony of soul is not the only respect in which this is reminiscent of the nineteenth-century Russian novel. This immense book is Dostoevsky adapted to totalitarianism—and it is depressing to see how little adaptation is necessary. The author is thoroughly old-fashioned: he believes in God and in a well-plotted story. The contest between Novikov and Gorin is merely the principal strand among many; around them swarm other characters in their private worlds, which are related, however obliquely, to the central theme. These characters are inconsistent, and therefore alive. Indeed, the book is extremely well peopled, and it is because these Russians are such clearly-defined individuals that they make a convincing crowd. 'The people' is never an abstraction here. The novel makes its impact because these real people are credibly involved in a succession of relevant and exciting incidents, unfolded leisurely in about as much space as there is in Russia. Even the occasionally clumsy wording of the translation seems right for this book, seems to communicate something of the Russian atmosphere. There is no humour; this makes the novel seem naive at times, as though the author must seriously believe in progress, in human nobility. But, if the story is not laughable, it is, to say the least, most enjoyable.

Throw idealism out of the window. Here comes Nathanael West. Fundamentally the same theme—the suppression of the individual by society—but what a difference in approach. West does not present life; he turns on it, rends it. This is the first British publication of a novel which appeared in 1934, a product of the American slump and West's despair of society. His hero, Lemuel Pitkin, leaves home to seek his fortune in New York. Lemuel is another born idiot; he believes in doing what is expected of him. This time the voice of orthodoxy comes from Shagpoke Whipple, ex-President of the United States, at present sole proprietor of the Rat River National Bank in Ottsville: 'America is the land of opportunity. She takes care of the honest and industrious and never fails them as long as they are both.' Lemuel is both, and during the course of the story he lands in jail, loses all his teeth, part of his left hand, together with a leg, one eye, and his scalp. He is involved in riots, rapes, and variety acts. But he never loses faith in Shagpoke Whipple, the founder of the National Revolutionary Party. Shagpoke's intention is to defend the American people's 'inalienable birthright; the right to sell their labour and their children's labour without restrictions as to either price or hours'. Eventually Lemuel becomes a martyr to the cause and is posthumously honoured as the Horst Wessel of the movement.

This savage fantasy was written after *Miss Lonelyhearts* and before *The Day of the Locust* and cannot be compared to either. But it is wrong to suggest that, because West surrenders his natural style, the book is an aberration. In spirit it is of a piece with the others. The surface itself—the language of burlesque, as hackneyed as a wooden leg—can be interpreted as a gesture of contempt. Society is a burlesque, says West, and I shall present it as a burlesque melodrama told in the only style it knows, a style which is second-hand, soiled, false. Falsity is contemporary truth. This is West's revenge on the community which will not allow the individual to be unique. Yet a writer of sensibility cannot wield a bludgeon in anything but an individual manner. The greater irony is that throughout this farcical parody we are always conscious of a unique, controlling personality. This is a very funny book, the best kind of humour, the kind we can take seriously.

Rama, in Aubrey Menen's *Rama Retold*, is the third of our heroes to fall into disaster through doing what he is told. But, unlike the others, he learns from his experience. He has the good fortune to meet a true artist, who teaches him that a single independent act is worth a million precepts. Mr. Menen retells, with rippling wit and unfailing invention, a story written 2,500 years ago by an Indian, Valmiki. We learn that generations of Brahmins have rewritten Valmiki's poem, changing much of the original to suit themselves, since Valmiki, like everyone of independent mind, was hateful to them. It is clear that Mr. Menen has bitingly restored the anti-Brahmin aspect to the work:

> This is the story of Rama, a prince of India, who lived his life according to the best advice. He reverenced his intellectual betters who were called Brahmins, and did what they told him to do. He took his morals from the best moralists, and his politics from the most experienced politicians. As a result he was ruined, exiled, and disinherited: his wife was stolen from him and when he got her back he very nearly had to burn her alive from the highest of motives. In the teeth of the soundest and most reliable guidance from his moral and mental superiors, he finally recovered his country, his throne and his common sense.

That summarises the plot, but it does not mention Valmiki, who appears delightfully in person as the pivotal character in Mr. Menen's story. Valmiki, as a writer, is naturally in the wilderness, an outlaw. It is to him that Rama and his wife and brother come when they are driven from the kingdom by Rama's father, King Dasa-Ratha, who is loved by all his subjects and who 'loved certain of them in return, especially if they were women'. Valmiki, of course, does not try to tell Rama what he should do. Instead, he tells several moral tales, which, in the circumstances, are appropriately immoral —and highly entertaining. Rama learns by example and discovers that independent thinking is not bad manners. He returns to his kingdom, and Valmiki, showing even more common sense, returns to the wilderness.

The feature of *Rama Retold* and *A Cool Million* that brings them nearer to us than *The Fall of a Titan* is the symbolism that glances from the surface, flashing again and again the reminder that of course we have known this all along but have never quite thought of it in these terms before. Regimentation is the common theme. The Russian tearfully dreams of an ideal future when souls will live in harmony; the American snarls at society like the villain storming in to foreclose on the mortgage; the Indian turns his back on mass-living, believing that salvation lies in the solitude and natural wisdom of the individual soul. Whatever else we may think of this week's novels, we cannot grumble about lack of choice.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

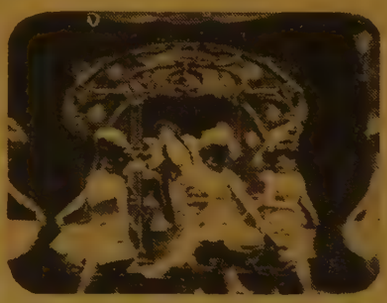
Not Too Esoteric

FROM TIME TO TIME the subversive thought occurs in television that books and authors can be made acceptable. Chatty reviewing has been tried, and now a series of three programmes has been embarked upon, in which authors themselves can talk about their books.

The first choice fell on Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton, who scrapes into the author category by the skin of his teeth, being professionally a jazz trumpeter, something much more reassuring. However, he has written his autobiography, *I Play as I Please,* and so qualifies as the thin end of the wedge. He was billed as discussing his book with Mr. Norman del Mar, who, as an eminently serious conductor, might be supposed to hold views on music very different from his; but instead of a discussion we were treated to a pair of monologues. First Mr. Lyttelton, a versatile man if ever I saw one, told us how strange it was that a man of his background (judges, generals, Eton, and so forth) should have taken to jazz. I could not quite put my finger on the anomaly, but I suppose he meant that jazz players as a rule are not out of the top-drawer, and he should know. He enlivened his smooth and self-assured recitative by drawing funny pictures on glass as he talked. This must be difficult to do: I am sure it is out of the power of most authors.

Next came Mr. del Mar, who sat beside a gramophone and affably deprecated Mr. Lyttelton's theory that serious music is not for the man in the street, whose true folk music, so he claims, is jazz. I admire Mr. del Mar; he is a fine conductor, and has the most engaging personality imaginable; a pure gift, one would have said, to television. But somebody had evidently frightened him about his audience, and he squirmed with embarrassment at having to mention serious music at all. 'Art', he said with a grimace, 'serious music', he said, 'what horrid words! So stuffy! Nobody likes to use them'. Sorry, chaps, he seemed to say, I'll mention these beastly things as little as I can. He was very good about it, too, and none of us was affronted, until, suddenly, out popped the word 'esoteric'! Poor Mr. del Mar, he nearly fell over backwards with dismay, but covered the gaffe at once by explaining that of course he had had to look that up in the dictionary. He was very careful in his choice of words after that, called Mr. Lyttelton 'Humph' a great many times, and playfully teased us (quite kindly, though) by playing a few bars of Benjamin Britten.

It all ended happily with Mr. Lyttelton and his friends playing their hot trumpets, and I feel sure this literary experiment will be reckoned a success. The only worry is, who will the next author be? Sir Alan Herbert, perhaps? He, as we learned for a solid hour and a half on Saturday night, can sing, play skittles, manage a boat, map the stars, and understand greyhound racing. I fear the general run of authors may be less presentable; may want to talk about books or use words of three syllables, and be frightfully troublesome.



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Paris 1900' on July 14—left, Sarah Bernhardt (on right of picture); right, inside the Moulin Rouge

Photographs: John Cura

Mock auctions on fairgrounds proved to be a far more rewarding subject for documentary treatment. It was enthralling, and I hope we shall be given an equally frank exposition of other swindles. I have sometimes paused for a moment before those flash auctions which used to operate in Oxford Street, and have stood bemused in the roar of barkers at Criccieth fair, where people bid blithely for useless and hideous objects which one cannot imagine accepting if they were free. Now, thanks to television, some millions of people will know the workings of the 'run-out lark'; will distinguish between 'flash' (good stuff displayed to catch the mugs), 'swag' (the rubbish you get for your money), and 'plunder' (worthless objects given away with an air of generosity to 'sweeten the pitch'). They will see the fraudulent auctioneer let the genuine bargains go to his own 'ricks' (confederates), and will wait with their money firmly buttoned up in their pockets for the moment when he 'goes in for the kill'. They will, as the fly fairground commentator advised them, 'use their loaf'; and I shall be surprised if this splendid programme does not run a great many snide gentlemen out of business.

Once again Aidan Crawley has shown his mettle, in a lucid and far from mealy-mouthed discussion of the French political crisis over Indo-China. Words were not minced, either by the French farmers and workers with whom he talked, or the French journalists who explored this dangerous problem. For once, television was as articulate as any newspaper, and far more lively. One really learned something, and without the feeling that one was being carefully shown a policy view.

My own favourite programme of the week was neither 'live' nor new, which shows that by television standards I am no true viewer. This was 'Paris 1900', a film compiled from early films in 1948, but seen, I imagine, by relatively few people. It was extraordinarily moving to see these actualities of fifty years ago—the aged Renoir at his easel, Bernhardt swooning in the death scene of 'La Dame aux Camélias', *la belle* Otero dancing like a mad thing, Tolstoy himself,

Scene from 'Mock Auction' on July 16, with Arthur Lovegrove (right) persuading the crowd to bid for 'fabulous bargains'

'You Are There—The Trial of Charles I' on July 12, with Alan Wheatley as the King and James Thomason as Captain Axtell (with sword)

alive and walking in the sunshine. Even Monty Woolley's facetious commentary could not spoil it, and perhaps one day we shall be allowed to look at the past without this sort of patronising accompaniment.

MARGARET LANE

DRAMA

Black and White

'NEVER THE TIME, the place, the loved one all together'. Consciously or carelessly, this is the stick with which the great public continues to whack the poor long-suffering Corporation. It is a stick to beat sound broadcasting, but still more a weapon against the television screen which sometimes seems likely to crack right across. One can multiply examples—from such a national disaster as a breakdown during the Boat Race to tiny minor irritations due simply to the fact that we, a nation of magazine readers who read even our daily newspapers back to front, do not like having to enjoy things as and when they are presented to us. We like to skip: to read about the strangled widower first, then half a leading article on the future of the Sudan, then the crossword, then back to the details of the murder.

So it is with many programmes: an average Variety bill watched by someone recovering from an operation may seem a miracle of healing high spirits. But to someone else, condemned to missing a night at the *palais* because the baby sitter is on holiday, the same programme may be a target for sarcasm. How often this week, holidaymakers huddling indoors against the pelting rain must have 'switched on' in the 'lounge' of 'Sea View' pictures of diving (in the rain) from the Highgate Regatta, or some such comfort?

I find myself in the same position this week; though a critic should rise above such feelings, you may suspect that they none the less colour my attitude towards Sunday night's piece of 'darky' hokum. As ill luck will have it I was fulminating only last week about melodrama, apropos of 'The Promised Years' cycle, and had come to some wordy inconclusions about the mark of melodrama being that its blacks were too black and its whites too white! Little did I know that a week later we should be seeing a long play set in 'Halcyon Kentucky—in the sweet ole bahgawn years, yes ma'am Miss Julie, I certainly was powerful surprised'.

Here in Halcyon every single *cliché* was snapped not once but twenty times. The motherless little Eva nearly seduced by the city slicker, the picnic ride with the old darky tunes a-wailing and a-throbbing with the gin and dem ole ham pies. The gormless lad tempted to smoke marijuana, de no-account nigger trash who helps the rake in his evil courses, the noble Negro doctor insulted by the foul-mouthed white miser . . . everything was there. The blacks were as black as any values in Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

And the whites? Well, dey was jus' convulsed with old world courtesy among the mint juleps—you know the kind of thing; only quite a few of those taking part were finding the Old Kentucky drawl a bit difficult to graft on above a basic Guildford or Nuneaton; which made for some timid, two-dimensional acting. But most of the acting was limited, anyway, hardly above what it needed for an out of season revival of 'Show Boat'; thinking of which prompts me to say that if there had been a score by Jerome Kern or Gershwin, the long seventy-five minutes might have passed more fleetly.

'The Lover' on July 14, with (left to right) Diana Wynyard as the Queen, Norman Wooland as the Lover, and Gladys Boot as the Lady-in-Waiting

One character had me guessing, Judge Lowrey: he was played by the author himself, James Dyrenforth, and I suspected that any character so saintly, wise and honeyed might in this kind of tale turn out to be a wicked old goat behind that goatee. Not so, he was just like everyone else; bone simple of soul. In this jolly and boring affair, Gordon Heath as the Negro pastor packed a really professional punch. But do not be put off watching it if this evening your mood is for the deep, deep south and the simple smiles and relaxed attitudes of the American Negro.

The previous Wednesday seemed to me to give us rather a good money's worth: there was that enchanting film 'Paris 1900', which shows you Mounet-Sully ranting, Cléo de Mérode dancing and so on, surely a magic carpet into the past. But there were not unamusing bits of fictional drama on each side; one in which the heroine was offered a job on a Television Panel Game! Could one wish for a better version of the Cinderella story? Is not to join such a Panel the crown, the glory, the honour to end all honours? I am looking forward to more adventures of Polly (Anne Crawford) in 'Six Proud Walkers' which has set off on a six weeks' tour. Later in the evening the faintly insipid but still charming piece by Sierra called in English 'The Lover' brought us a duo acting together beautifully, Diana Wynyard and Norman Wooland, with Gladys Boot to boot.

'Halcyon Days' on July 18, with Nadia Catouse as Coral Bates (seated), Sylvia Overman as Mariola Selby, and Gordon Heath as the Rev. Ezekiel Selby

What I said earlier about 'the right moment' applies to such little programmes as 'The Music Box' (Sunday night from Manchester) even more than to plays. Such *divertissements* are welcome if you are in the mood. If not. . . . well, you may be irked by the introductory sequence, with candle being lighted (grisly forebodings) and a tinkling comb-and-cylinder; or complain that the pretty young singer was not dead in tune in Alabiev's 'Nightingale', though she sang nicely later on. But the prime question here, one I leave open, was the manner of presentation, with *ad hoc* poetic narrations spoken in a chanting, fancy voice. Liked? A matter of taste, like putting home-made verses into In Memoriam notices.

'You Are There', about the trial of Charles I this week was not silly or vulgar as one had feared from earlier examples of this 'game', and the Cromwell carried conviction; so, apart from his too-deep voice, did the King. There were some bad wigs.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sherry and Bitters

SOME COMEDIES are set immovably in the text. You lift them from the shelf and find that the page is brittle and foxed. Put them into performance and they remain inert. 'The Rivals' is another matter. This is indeed a play for 'World Theatre'. Bath waits there for us under glass. Approach it, and the sunlight of the eighteenth century streams again (just as the snowstorm begins when we turn one of those prized paperweights). Mrs. Malaprop is in a fluster, Sir Anthony in a roar, Bob Acres in a twitter; there is evasion here and stratagem yonder; there are goings and comings on North Parade, swords glint in King's Mead Fields, the bells of Bath ring across the tiered city. We hear it all; we have heard it often, and will again. Sheridan caught and fixed for ever a few moments of time that must go on repeating themselves, in that cup among the western hills, while our English comedy endures.

I have known the sunlight to be thin at first, the figures to labour; but invariably Sheridan's wit will stroke away discomfort before we reach King's Mead Fields. When the comedy—love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot—is acted as it was last week (Home), we can adjust wig and ruffles and sit in contented ease. The secret of playing 'The Rivals' is not to press it, not to bang down on familiar lines, or to put on an elaborate eighteenth-century flit-flutter act. Take it, rather, as it comes: hear freshly Mrs. Malaprop as she deranges her epitaphs. That was Barbara Couper's method. She did not point the errors; she did not blast the dear soul into a snorting dragon. She found a voice at times like a gust in high elms, or a wind at noon at

the corner of the new Milsom Street, but this Malaprop did not insist upon the oddities of her oracular tongue. To her it was not in the least odd, merely a very proper way in which to express herself. More articulate than her neighbours, more selective in her parts of speech: that was all, and a good thing if the little hussy Lydia would copy her now and then. I greatly enjoyed Miss Couper on this breezy day in Bath; and I enjoyed, too, Isabel Dean's wide-eyed voice as the maddening Lydia, and the charged gravity which Daphne Slater and Myles Rudge gave to 'the sob and the mutual throb' of the sententious Julia and Faulkland. Sir Anthony lost my favourite roaring line (to Jack), 'Get an atmosphere and a sun of your own!'; but to fit the play into ninety minutes Martyn Webster had to select, and it is hard to disagree with his selection.

Faulkland talks about 'cursing his folly half the day and all the night'. Meursault, the central figure of 'L'Etranger' (Third), by Albert Camus, does not do this. He goes on his path towards the guillotine in a curiously dazed fashion, a man drifting to his doom while, about him, people build up and demolish models of the man they say he is and he knows he is not. The author holds that Meursault (whom we leave in the condemned cell) falls because of his 'obsession of sincerity'. Maybe; what we are shown in the long play—taken by Sasha Moorsom from the novel—is the mind of a vague, impulsive fellow who kills an Arab on a beach near Algiers, and who finds that the minor threads of the past few weeks, his unthinking actions and responses, are being worked into a strong chain to fetter him. He hears himself described as jet-black and pure white, but all that he is—and certainly all that he expresses to a listener—is an indeterminate grey. This radio version, directed by D. G. Bridson, develops a kind of nightmarish power, with Stephen Murray to sustain a fantastically long part as the man in the toils. Still, the nightmare flakes from the memory. From a protracted piece I am likely to keep only a moment or so that call up the colour and scent of a drowsy summer evening when the prisoner returns to his cell from court.

Another play with a French derivation is 'The Honey Siege' (Home), based by Cyril Wentzel on a novel by Gil Buhet. The road is straight. Schoolboys of a Pyrenean town have not stolen their master's honey. Mass punishment must be avoided. They become a gallant band of knights, and (crying 'Blood and freedom!') defend the town's ancient fortress against all comers. It is the stuff of a film: it bubbled lightly to the air, directed by Charles Lefeaux, and Francis de Wolff worked himself into a blinding rage as an official with the highest blood-pressure in the Pyrenees.

We met an English Mayor (or 'Mer'), less like a blow-torch, in the serial musical comedy, 'Happy Holiday' (Light). Somewhere in this there is also an idea, but we have not reached it yet. The instalment I heard was a wild rumplestrum (set in a holiday resort) that ended in the sound-and-fury of an ankle competition. It made me think pensively of a little place I know (and torture will not reveal it) that is sixteen miles from a Resort or a railway station.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Absentee Critic

WE ARE ALL HUMAN. Even critics, those Olympian creatures who pass cool judgement on the antics of those who practise the arts, have their moods. How do I know? Because I myself am a critic. If not, what am I doing on this hearth? This platitudinous reflection occurs to me more especially when I criticise 'The Critics'. Their form varies, of course: how can it not, when the members of the team change every so often? But is the good team always so very good? Is a dull one really as dull as all that? Don't I, perhaps, contribute somewhat by listening with an indulgent or an intolerant ear? If I had listened to last week's 'Critics' on Sunday before lunch would I have thought them as good as they seemed to me on Tuesday before tea? There are days when I find easy chatter on arty themes unbearable, other days when this same chatter becomes lively conversation on interesting subjects.

It is noticeable that the items chosen for discussion have little or no influence on the merits of the talk. Last week, for instance, each, except that falling under art—the restored Wren churches of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. James's, Piccadilly—were, to say the least, not of the first importance. The twenty-eight-year-old film, 'Son of the Sheik', is, admittedly, no great sheikhs, but it produced a lively discussion of the reasons for the hysterical cult of Rudolph Valentino among young women. E. Arnot Robertson, recalling her callow past, spoke of him in rapturous terms which were not echoed by the men; indeed Ivor Brown stigmatised him as 'sloppy' which, for me, was putting it mildly. Noel Coward's operetta 'After the Ball', based on Wilde's 'Lady Windermere's Fan', was firmly and intelligently dealt with; Stephen Potter's 'A Sense of Humour' had a discriminating reception, and the producers of televised news and news reels were offered some highly seasoned food for reflection. In fact the team, conducted by John Summerson, which included also Tom Hopkinson, Walter Allen, and R. Furneaux Jordan, kept me pleased and stimulated.

I heard only the first half of 'The Great House', a feature programme celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of Liverpool Cathedral. It is a great theme, but I couldn't help feeling that the author and producer was rather too deliberately rising to the occasion. The programme had its impressive moments, especially when it contrived to suggest the spacious silence of the interior of the cathedral, but it stuck too closely to the conventional pattern of such programmes. When traffic was mentioned we heard traffic; now and then the humble native intruded his or her insipid say, and part of the speech of the Lord Mayor of fifty years ago was thrown into the pot. It is easy, of course, to be captious about such programmes, to point out that most of the ingredients serve only to swell the bulk and diminish the flavour, and that some are already freely used in lighter programmes for the purpose of parody; but the very fact that criticism is easy means, surely, that the form has become stereotyped and that writers and producers should set their imaginations to work on evolving a new one.

The series of talks in the Home Service on Sunday evenings called 'Ten Years Back', in which speakers have recalled their memories of D-Day and thereabouts, have given us broadcasting of varying quality. In the fifth—'D-Day in Buchenwald'—Christopher Burney described in simple terms and with a restraint which left the facts to speak for themselves, the terrible life there in the months between D-Day and his liberation more than ten months later by the Americans. His style of writing and broadcasting are both admirable.

So, too, in a very different way was Winifred Gill's 'Victorian Sunday'. From a variety of small, bright details she built up a vivid impression of a typical Sunday in a well-to-do Quaker family of the 'nineties. It was a leisurely, animated talk, spiced with unobtrusive humour. Describing her boredom at the age of five or six during the long silences at the Sunday Meeting, she remarked, 'A crawling insect was a godsend'. But the rest of the day was far from boring: I have seldom heard of a happier one, in a quiet way.

Lady Vischer in 'Couscous and African Food' described in minute and amusing detail the preparation and consumption of various substantial, complicated, and terrifyingly rich dishes with which Arabs and other Africans regale guests on special occasions.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

News from Cheltenham

THE B.B.C. CERTAINLY pulled out the best plums in the Cheltenham pudding, when they decided to broadcast the two concerts containing Stanley Bate's Symphony and Racine Fricker's Rapsodia Concertante for violin and orchestra. The Symphony created something of a sensation—the kind, if not quite the degree, of sensation which must have been caused when Minerva issued fully armed from the head of Jove. For here was an obviously vital composition on a large scale by a young composer—he was twenty-seven when he wrote it in 1940—whose name, if not entirely unknown, aroused no such expectations of mastery, with the result that some of my colleagues have been crying, 'Hats off!'

While I am only too glad to join in salutations to the new composer and to congratulate him on the very real success his work achieved with the audience, I don't feel inclined, on the evidence of this first hearing, to place Mr. Bate alongside the other gentlemen whose names begin with B. What he obviously possesses is a quite unusual capacity for organising his material into a large-scale composition. One felt, as the work proceeded, that it was really growing, that it did not consist, as did much of the new music we have heard at this Festival, of conventional ideas neatly arranged and, as far as technique goes, usually well expressed, but lacking the compulsion of an inner life.

My reservation in regard to the new Symphony concerns the material of which it is constructed or, rather, what is made of the themes in the course of their very able and interesting development. For it is not sufficient for music to display the vitality of organic growth; it must grow into something. And it was precisely in the outcome of its development that I felt a little disappointed. We seemed to be working towards a big moment, a big time if you will, which did not materialise. Still, whatever its faults, this was a big work of great beauty—the handling of the orchestra was both assured and restrained—and its production was an important event, to which the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli did full justice. Now we should like to hear what Mr. Bate has been up to during the interval of fourteen years since this Symphony (his third!) was composed.

Racine Fricker, who is Bate's junior by seven years, made a similar sensation with his stern and violent Symphony, produced at Cheltenham four years ago. His new 'Rhapsody' displays a greater warmth of heart and a matured technique, including a more sensitive feeling for orchestral colour, though it is not as a colourist that Fricker is ever likely to shine. The solo part is brilliantly contrived and Christian Ferras took its formidable difficulties easily in his stride. But its virtuoso character does not exclude lyrical melody, of which there is an abundance in the opening movement, which enabled the soloist to display the fine quality of his tone. The orchestral performance directed by John Pritchard seemed adequate, except in the finale where the conductor failed to secure the finished playing its lively rhythms and complex scoring requires.

Listeners were also able to hear on Sunday

night the new String Quartet by Alan Rawsthorne, which the Griller Quartet played at Cheltenham earlier in the week. Beautifully written for the medium, this is a rather insubstantial work of slight dimensions, in the nature of a sketch rather than a fully worked out composition. Yet, if it is not solid, the quartet is complex both in rhythm and in the counterpoint of its working of the themes. Perhaps on closer acquaintance it will yield more than the rather wan pleasure aroused at a first hearing, though I hardly think that the theme and variations, so lacking in real definition and character, will ever seem a strong enough finale to the work.

One of Stanley Bate's masters was Paul Hindemith, though the young Englishman's Symphony showed no obvious signs of influence from that quarter, save, perhaps, a command of lucid thought and its clear statement in music. So it was interesting to hear in the same week a performance of Hindemith's oratorio, 'Das Unaufhörliche', an impressive example of its composer's intellectual powers. The text displays that capacity for the efficient destruction of the existing order and an inability to create any solid substitute for it, which have so often been manifested in Germany. And Hindemith has been no more successful than Wagner at the end of 'Der Ring', in creating music adequate to express the ineffable—or, to put it precisely, the woolly minded idealism of his poet. But in his progress towards his apotheosis, he gives us a great deal of beautiful music, the beauty being of a kind apprehended by the intellect rather than of a sensuous nature.

The performance, which was recorded by the Bavarian Radio under the direction of Jan Koetsier, was thoroughly reliable, though sometimes wanting in buoyancy. Among the soloists Helmut Krebs, the tenor, gave an outstanding performance.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Chamber Music of E. A. Förster

By ROBERT SIMPSON

Programmes of Förster's chamber music will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. tomorrow, July 23, and 10.0 p.m. on Friday, July 30 (both Third)

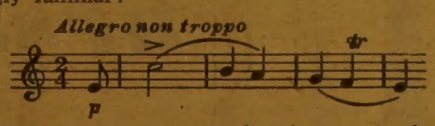
IN the history of music there are certain composers whose excellence has been overcast by the amazing genius of a few. Had Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven never existed, for instance, masters like C. P. E. Bach, E. A. Förster and Cherubini would have stood out sharply from the ranks. But all things that happen are inevitable, including Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; all, presumably, function in the scheme of things. The function of the great, overpowering masters is clear enough; they carry human consciousness on longer, deeper, wider adventures; from them fires are lit, chain reactions started and (to use a less destructive metaphor) new seeds grow. Sometimes their discoveries remain in lonely, untouchable grandeur (like the late quartets of Beethoven) because no one seems able to follow the path they point. Sometimes, as in the case of J. S. Bach, they analyse the past with such comprehensiveness that their younger colleagues, busy indulging in new fashions, see in them only industry carried to appalling extremes. Rarely does a great composer *typify* the style of his period; it is obvious from his style whence it comes, both historically and geographically. But the Bachs and Beethovens are too big to fit any mould; it is true that, like mirrors, they reflect their world, but the mirrors are so vast that the world is but part of the reflection.

There are, however, some composers who are eminently masterly, inventive, imaginative, who yet cannot be called great. Such a man has, nevertheless, an undeniable claim to distinction and remembrance; his art is, more than that of the giants, a consummation of the style of his period; he is the outstanding figure in whom all the lesser men culminate. Whoever he is, it will be found that his music is at once fluid and solid (terms not necessarily contradictory in music!), without the extreme unpredictability of the higher spirits. Examples of such admirable men are E. A. Förster and Cherubini. It is they, not Haydn and Mozart, who are the true 'classics'; their work can be classified. They typify. They are the fine artists who are also the perfect models for students. With such music as theirs the student can remain dispassionately receptive to the facts of mastery and craftsmanship, without the distraction of a gigantic personality, and there is enough of beauty and poetry to keep him interested. The best music of such men is certainly not dull; it holds constant surprises of the subtler kind, and an unfailing instinct for what is both elegant and noble. It offers many delights.

Both Emanuel Aloys Förster and Cherubini won the admiration of so fiercely unconventional a man as Beethoven. His praise of Cherubini is well known; what is less known is his remark that he learned more about chamber music from Förster than from any other composer. As soon as one examines a mature quartet or quintet by Förster the reason becomes clear, not because its style anticipates Beethoven's (far from it) but because it solves certain problems of spacious construction that were relevant to neither Haydn's nor Mozart's methods, but which became very useful to Beethoven.

Förster was born on January 26, 1748, in Niedersteine. He was thus sixteen years younger than Haydn and eight years older than Mozart. His early years were spent as an oboist in a military band, from which he went to Mittelwalde, where he studied composition seriously under a distinguished organist, Franz Pausewang. After some rather limited travels he went in the late 1770s to Vienna. He stayed there for the rest of his life, came under the influence of the Viennese school, and himself taught many gifted composers. His output was considerable and almost entirely instrumental, including forty-eight string quartets, three string quintets (a fourth is an arrangement of a piano work), a quantity of piano music, concerti for oboe and for piano and other less substantial pieces. He was also responsible for a notable treatise, *Anleitung zum Generalbass*. He died in 1823.

The works to be performed in the Third Programme are all published in Vol. 67 of *Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Österreich*. The two quartets are from a set of six that appeared in 1799 and the quintets are separated by two years, that in A minor, Op. 19, dating from 1802 and the E flat, Op. 26, from 1804. In his early days Förster was much influenced by C. P. E. Bach, but his eventual life in Vienna changed his outlook considerably, and the impact of Mozart left some clear marks on his style. The A minor Quintet, for instance, shows that Förster was probably familiar with Mozart's in G minor, and its last movement uses a phrase that is hauntingly familiar:



The two quartets are slightly less developed in scope than the quintets, but are strongly contrasted with each other. The C major, Op. 16, No. 4, a cheerful work, reveals at once a strong characteristic of Förster in its opening theme. 'How trite and lame it sounds!' says the unsuspecting listener. Förster's invention is rarely startling or strange; it is his treatment of it that commands the attention. Before very long, the listener is unsuspecting no more; he is aware of a certain breadth of address and conception that gives an unmistakable air to the plainest material. Nor is the style stereotyped or the form slavish. There is no way of telling what will come next and all the most delightful surprises are expansions of the kind the early Beethoven revelled in. Indeed, it is this aspect of Förster that must have revealed much to Beethoven, for though both Haydn and Mozart were masters of organic expansion, Beethoven's earlier methods came from different causes, the same that lie behind Förster's. The latter is not intent on striking fire, as is Beethoven; but there is something in the squareness of his themes that demands a justification to be found only in an unexpected, refreshing spaciousness. From him Beethoven learned how to achieve this.

The F minor Quartet, Op. 16 No. 5, is a more serious work, rich in contrapuntal resource, with a pathos that comes, perhaps, from Italy through Mozart. Here again the forms are broad and clear, and the themes grow in appeal with familiarity. The man had his own way of writing; let it not be assumed that to regard him as classifiable is to pigeonhole him. There are many personal fingerprints in his style (they will become apparent after ten minutes' listening, but they will not pall), and his harmony is often very remarkable, as in a bold passage towards the end of the exposition of the finale of the F minor Quartet.

The most individual of the four chosen works is the delightful E flat Quintet, with its buoyant first movement, full of grace and space, its charming, almost homespun slow movement, sturdy minuet, and extremely brilliant finale. In all these works there are tunes that anyone would have been happy to have written, and an infectious sense of serious enjoyment in the act of composition. A good reason for remembering a composer is that his music is enjoyable; such a reason ranks Förster very high and renders his neglect inexplicable.

Three recent additions to the Routledge and Kegan Paul library of 'Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science' edited by Dr. W. Stark are: *The Nature of Sympathy*, by Max Scheler, translated by Peter Heath; *Of Learned Ignorance*, by Nicolas Cusanus, translated by Fr. Germain Heron, and *On the Aesthetic Education of Man*, by Friedrich Schiller, translated by Reginald Snell. The prices are 30s., 23s., and 18s. respectively. *Theater Pictorial* by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz, which has been published by the University of California Press, consists of a history of world theatre as recorded in drawings, paintings, engravings and photographs. The agents for it over here are the Cambridge University Press and it costs 75s.

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For the Housewife

Herring, Mackerel, and Star-gazy Pie

By AMBROSE HEATH

HERRINGS and mackerel are both excellent at this time of the year, though some people prefer to wait until there are roes about. I suppose that both of these fish are really at their best when grilled, as long as you have mustard sauce or mustard butter with them, or, if you do not like mustard, some tomato sauce. But perhaps you do not have as much fun as some do disentangling the flesh from the bones, and you will join me in liking them filleted, and then egg-and-breadcrumbed, and fried golden in deep fat or oil. They seem to lose much of their oiliness when cooked this way, and you can still have your favourite sauce with them, and, I daresay, some fried onions and new potatoes.

But what about boiled herrings and mackerel? If you have not tasted them this way now is the time to do it, when you can get gooseberries to eat with them. Mackerel with gooseberry sauce is a well-known Cornish and West Country dish, and it is a custom in the north of France to eat them like this. The mackerel are either roasted or boiled, and the sauce is simply a slightly sweetened puree of stewed gooseberries, or an ordinary white sauce with the gooseberry puree mixed with it. It is surprisingly good, and you can do herrings in the same way, too. If they are boiled, by the way, it ought to be in salted water for six to ten minutes. Mackerel will take rather longer.

I did not realise, until I went into it, how many ways there are of cooking herrings. One of the most curious is to bake them with button onions in tinned tomato soup—and very good, too. One of the most interesting is the Cornish Star-gazy Pie, usually made with pilchards. In this pie the herrings are laid in a circle under the pastry, tails inwards and heads sticking out through the crust—a little barbarous, perhaps, and rather pathetic, I think. But a simpler version of the Star-gazy Pie could be made by wrapping a herring up in pastry like a sausage roll, and baking it in the same way. To make it a little more exciting the fish could be stuffed with an ordinary herb forcemeat or, in another French way, with chopped, fried onions mixed with mashed potato.

Cold herrings and mackerel are both extremely good if they are boiled or grilled and served cold with a mayonnaise sauce. They make good salads, too, flaked and mixed with other things, such as cold potato, beetroot, and apple, with an ordinary oil and vinegar dressing or, perhaps, a little horseradish sauce diluted with cream. Tomatoes go well with them, too, in a salad, with finely minced onion or chives, and cold, boiled rice for extra substance. And then there are the different ways of sousing these fishes, and especially one which I came across only a short time ago, a souse with dry cider instead of vinegar, plus the usual onion and pickling spices.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (*page 123*): foreign editor of the *Financial Times*

KURT MENDELSSOHN, F.R.S. (*page 127*): University demonstrator and lecturer in physics, Oxford University, since 1947

JOHN D. EVANS (*page 129*): Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge

STEPHEN ULLMANN (*page 131*): Professor of Romance Philology, Leeds University, since 1953; author of *Words and Their Use*, etc.

KATHLEEN LONSDALE, F.R.S. (*page 134*): Professor of Chemistry and Head of Department of Crystallography, University College, London; author of *Removing the Causes of War*, *Quakers Visit Russia*, etc.

ANTHONY QUINTON (*page 138*): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University

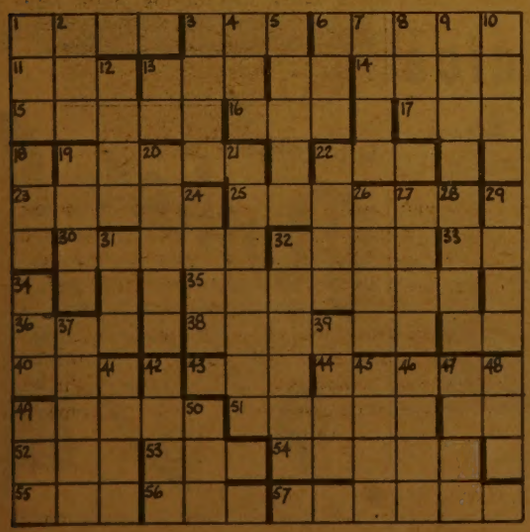
Crossword No. 1,264. Mixed Couplets. By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 29

Some of the clues consist of two lines of poetry, each by a different author. The names of the authors have three or more consecutive letters in common and these letters form the light: *e.g.* if the two authors were Rossetti and Gosse, the light in that case might be OSS, SSE, or OSSE. The other clues are normal. Punctuation in abbreviations used in some of the lights may be ignored.

The unchecked letters appear in: I WARN CLEM, NELL SENT TORN RUBBER GLOVE.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. ' O that I were an orange-tree
   Filled to the brim with girlish glee ' (4)
3. ' For there be women fair as she
   And made immortal through times to be ' (3)
6. Henry's flower did not have this, according to the play (5)
11. Cape for an Eastern minister of state (3)
13. ' There like a bird it sits and sings
    Virtue is the fount whence honour springs ' (3)
14. See 28.
15. Fish eater takes a generous helping of *charlotte russe* (5)
16. ' I loved to choose and see my path
    In all the endless road you tread ' (3)
17. Once it's more than enough, twice it's extravagantly so (3)
19. Poet's name made by attaching this importance to words (5)
22. ' A messenger of Hope comes every night to me
    From clouds, but of all colours seems to be ' (3)
23. Such a rich variant might be the Welshman's prize (5)
25. Sickness of uncle and a half-sister (6)
30. With a cry of joy the boy comes back, making an oily liquid (5)
32. An Irishman's drag-net? (4)
33. One in the North wrote ' The Divine Vision ' (2)
35. Six with a tube for building a bridge (7)
36. ' The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
    Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men ' (3)
38. The raising of a tone in an Aztec bolero tune (6)
40. Students find such fun in bragging (3)
43. ' How small a part of time they share
    I can endure my own despair ' (3)
44. These round, flat objects begin disturbing the heads of the Civil Service (5)
49. ' A ploughman's collie ' was so called (5)
51. With an eye across the border, there's ' brass ' here too in Yorkshire (5)
52. ' I've seen my fondest hopes decay
    Knowing man cannot choose but pay ' (3)
53. ' They have no song the sedges dry
    This charm is wasted on the earth and sky ' (3)
54. Fantasy from a dear, deranged French gentleman (5)
55. ' With midnight always in one's heart
    That welcome hour, that ends this smart ' (3)
56. ' A haze on the far horizon, The infinite tender sky
    No birds were flying overhead—There were no birds to fly ' (3)
57. Instruments for holding a hundred lights (6)

DOWN

1. ' Oh! death will find me long before I tire
   Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre (3)
2. What you do with 14.
3. Buck, in Charterhouse, beyond his sixth year (4)
4. Weapon, when badly handled causes damage (3)
5. Province of a true French gentleman (5)
6. ' That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay
   Was made the Lady of the May ' (3)
7. Demigod was nothing to her (4)
8. Shepherd's pipe to a variation (3)
9. ' Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me
   And a new people takes the land: and still it is not we ' (4)
10. ' A house with lawns enclosing it
    For her t'inhabit? There is it ' (4)
12. Grain scattered about the colonnade (4)
18. Old French coin suggested by an unaccented vague hint (3)
19. ' I know how well the fathers taught
    I am larger, better than I thought ' (4)
20. ' And birds that love the south have taken wing
    And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing ' (5)
21. Hatta begins, Alice is confused, then the Lion starts making a kind of spring (7)
22. Might well be the same as 8 (4)
24. See 26 (4)
26. A harp was played when this king began to 24 (4)
27. Nice in the north of England? Not quite (4)
28. Enough variety of 14 to satisfy (4)
29. ' Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
    We also know the sacred height ' (4)
31. ' Hull down on the trail of rapture, In the wonder of the sea
    Enlarged winds—that curl the flood, Know no such liberty ' (3)
32. Saddened, initial charm sapped away (6)
34. ' And there for me the apple tree
    With a great many more of lesser degree ' (3)
37. When the jabiru, a kind of stork, comes down, look up to see this tree (5)
39. European flower, or German, maybe (4)
41. Highlander who ' shows a leg ' reluctantly (4)
42. Entertainment—part of it made you laugh (4)
45. Thought to be a feature of side arms (4)
46. *Rev.* The Church might claim priority over Newton for this (4)
47. ' Where roses and white lilies blow
    Her silken tresses darkly flow ' (4)
48. ' In life's last scene what prodigies surprise
    'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise ' (3)
49. ' These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred
    For ye are living poems and all the rest are dead ' (3)
50. ' She hath taught me by her might
    All love, all liking, all delight ' (3)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Solution of No. 1,262

NORTH	SOUTH
♠ 8 6 5 (JIG)	♠ K 4 (BK)
♥ A 8 5 (JAG)	♥ J 10 6 3 (IDLE)
♦ J 10 (QR)	♦ A 6 4 2 (N.Z.X.V)
♣ K 10 7 6 5 (VROUW)	♣ Q 4 3 (PYX)

EAST	WEST
♠ J 10 9 3 (FLED)	♠ A Q 7 2 (CHAM)
♥ 9 7 2 (M.F.H.)	♥ K Q 4 (K.C.B.)
♦ Q 9 7 (SUP. or PUS)	♦ K 8 5 3 (TOWY)
♣ J 9 8 (QTS.)	♣ A 2 (ZN. or N7)

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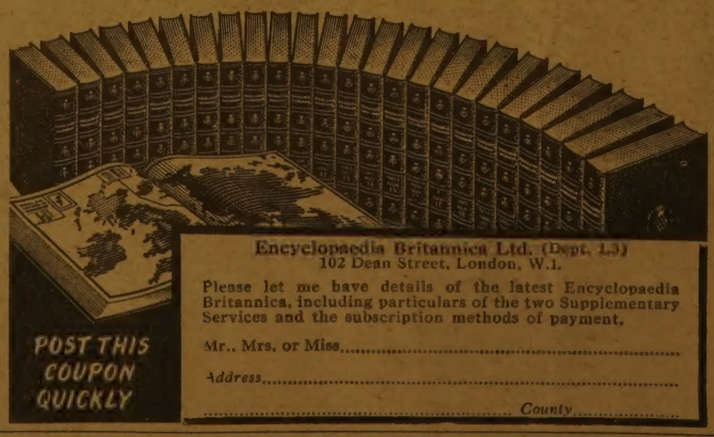

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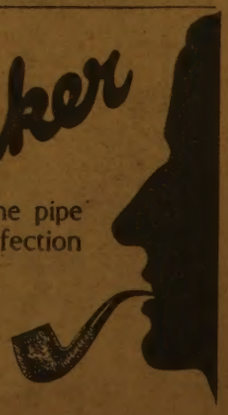

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